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VOL. I.

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THE

MAN

OF THE

WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS.

By Henry Mackenzie

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO. HOR.

VOLUME I.

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THE

MAN of the WORLD.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH the world is but little concerned to know, in what ſituation the author of any performance that is offered to its peruſal may be, yet I believe it is generally ſolicitous to learn ſome circumſtances relating to him: for my own part, I have always experienced this deſire in myſelf; and read the advertiſement at the beginning, and the poſtſcript at the end of a book, if they contain any information of that ſort, with a kind of melancholy in-

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quietude about the fate of him, in whoſe company, as it were, I have paſſed ſome harmleſs hours, and whoſe ſentiments have been unboſomed to me with the openneſs of a friend.

The life of him who has had an opportunity of preſenting to the eye of the public the following tale, though ſufficiently chequered with viciſſitude, has been ſpent in a ſtate of obſcurity, the recital of which could but little excite admiration, or gratify curioſity: the manner of his procuring the ſtory contained in the following ſheets, is all he thinks himſelf entitled to relate.

After ſome wanderings at that time of life which is moſt ſubject to wandering, I had found an opportunity of reviſiting the ſcenes of my earlier attachments, and returned to my native ſpot with that tender emotion, which the heart that can be moved at all, will naturally feel on approaching it. The remembrance of my infant days, like the fancied vibration of pleaſant ſounds in the ear, was ſtill alive in my mind; and I flew to find out the marks by which even inanimate things were to be known, as the friends of my youth, not forgotten, though long unſeen, nor leſſened, in my eſtimation, from the pride of refinement, or the compariſon of experience.

In the ſhade of an ancient tree, that centered a circle of elms, at the end of the village where I was born, I found my old acquaintance, Jack Ryland: he was gathering moſs with one hand, while the other held a flannel-bag, containing earth-worms, to be uſed as bait in angling. On ſeeing me, Ryland dropped his moſs on the ground, and ran with all the warmth of friendſhip to embrace me. "My dear Tom, ſaid he, how happy I am to ſee you! you have travelled no doubt a woundy long way ſince we parted. —You find me in the old way here.—I believe they have but a ſorry notion of ſport in Italy.—While I think on't, look on this menow; I'll be hang'd if the ſharpeſt-ey'd trout in the river can know it from the natural. It was but yeſterday now—You remember the croſs-tree pool, juſt below the parſonage—there I hook'd him, play'd him half an hour by the clock, and landed him at laſt as far down as the church-way ford. As for his ſize—Lord! how unlucky it is that I have not my landing-net here; for now I recollect that

I mark'd his length on the outſide of the pole; but you ſhall ſee it ſome other time."

Let not my reader be impatient at my friend Ryland's harangue. I give it him, becauſe I would have characters develop themſelves. To throw, however, ſome farther light upon Ryland's:

He was firſt-couſin to a gentleman who poſſeſſed a conſiderable eſtate in our county, born to no fortune, and not much formed by nature for acquiring one; he found pretty early that he ſhould never be rich, but that he might poſſibly be happy; and happineſs to him was obtained without effort, becauſe it was drawn from ſources which it required little exertion to ſupply: trifles were the boundaries of his deſire, and their attainment the goal of his felicity. A certain neatneſs at all thoſe little arts in which the ſoul has no ſhare, an immoderate love of ſport, and a ſtill more immoderate love of reciting its progreſs, with the addition of one faculty, which has ſome ſmall connexion with letters, to wit, a remarkable memory for puzzles and enigmas, made up his character; and he enjoyed a privilege uncommon to the happy, that no one envied the means by which he attained what every one purſues.

I interrupted his narrative by ſome enquiries about my former acquaintance in the village; for Ryland was the recorder of the place, and could have told the names, families, relations, and intermarriages of the pariſh, with much more accuracy than the regiſter.

“ Alackaday! ſaid Jack, there have been many changes among us ſince you left this: here have died the old gauger, Wilſon, as good a cricket-player as ever handled a bat; Rooke, at the Salutation, is gone too; and his wife has left the pariſh and ſettled in London, where I'm told ſhe keeps a gin-ſhop in ſome ſtreet they call Southwark; and the poor parſon, whom you were ſo intimate with, the worthy old Anneſly!”—He looked piteouſly towards the church-yard, and a tear trickled down his cheek.—“ I underſtand you, ſaid I, the good man is dead!”—“ Ah! there is more than you think about his death, anſwered Jack; he died of a broken heart!” I could make no reply but by an ejaculation, and Ryland accompanied it with another tear; for, though he commonly looked but on the ſurface of things, yet Ryland had a heart to feel.

“ In the middle of yon clump of alders, ſaid he, you may remember a ſmall houſe, that was once farmer Higgins's; it is now occupied by a gentlewoman of the name of Wiſtanly, who was formerly a ſort of ſervant-companion to ſir Thomas Sindall's mother, the widow of ſir William; her miſtreſs, who died ſome years ago, left her an annuity, and that houſe for life, where ſhe has lived ever ſince. I am told that ſhe knows more of Anneſly's affairs than any other body; but ſhe is ſo ſilent and ſhy, that I could never get a word from her on the ſubject: ſhe is reckon'd a wonderful ſcholar by the folks of the village; and you, who are a man of reading, might perhaps be a greater favorite with her; if you chuſe it, I ſhall introduce you to her immediately." I accepted his offer, and we went to her houſe together.

We found her ſitting in a little parlour, fitted up in a taſte much ſuperior to what might have been expected from the appearance of the houſe, with ſome ſhelves, on which I obſerved ſeveral of the moſt claſſical Engliſh and French authors. She roſe to receive us with ſomething in her manner greatly above her ſeeming rank; Jack introduced me as an acquaintance of her deceaſed friend, Mr. Anneſly. "Then, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you knew a man who had few fellows!" lifting her eyes gently upwards. The tender ſolemnity of her look anſwered the very movement which the remembrance had awaked in my ſoul, and I made no other reply than by a tear. She ſeemed to take it in good part, and we met on that ground, like old friends, who had much to aſk, and much to be anſwered.

When we were going away, ſhe begged to have a moment's converſation with me alone; Ryland left us together.

"If I am not deceived, Sir, ſaid ſhe, in the opinion I have formed of you, your feelings are very different from thoſe of Mr. Ryland, and indeed of moſt of my neighbours in the village; you ſeem to have had a peculiar intereſt in the fate of that worthieſt of men, Mr. Anneſly. The hiſtory of that life of purity which he led, of that calamity by which it was ſhortened, might not be an unpleaſing, though a melancholy recital to you; but in this box which ſtands on the table by me, is contained a ſeries of letters and papers, which, if you will take the trouble of reading them, will ſave me the taſk of recounting his ſufferings. You will find many paſſages which do not indeed relate to it; but, as they are often the entertainment of my leiſure hours, I have marked the moſt intereſting parts on the margin. This depoſit, Sir, though its general importance be ſmall, my affection for my departed friend makes me conſider as a compliment, and I commit it to you, as to one in whoſe favor I have conceived a prepoſſeſſion from that very cauſe."

Thoſe letters and papers were the baſis of what I now offer to the public: had it been my intention *to make a Book*, I might have publiſhed them entire; and I am perſuaded, notwithſtanding Mrs. Wiſtanly's remark, that no part of them would have been found more foreign to the general drift of theſe volumes, than many that have got admittance into ſimilar collections: but I have choſen rather to throw them into the form of a narrative, and contented myſelf with tranſcribing ſuch reflexions as naturally ariſe from the events, and ſuch ſentiments as the ſituations alone appear to have excited. There are indeed many ſuppletory facts, which could not have been found in this collection of Mrs. Wiſtanly's; theſe I was at ſome pains to procure through other channels: how I was enabled to procure them the reader may conceive, if his patience can hold out to the end of the ſtory; to account for that now, would delay its commencement, and anticipate its concluſion, for both which effects this introductory chapter may have already been ſubject to reprehenſion.

CHAP. I.

In which are ſome particulars previous to the commencement of the main ſtory.

RICHARD ANNESLY was the only child of a wealthy tradeſman in London, who, from the experience of that profit which his buſineſs afforded himſelf, was anxious to have it deſcend to his ſon. Unfortunately the young man had acquired a certain train of ideas which were totally averſe to that line of life his father had marked out for him. There is a degree of ſentiment, which, in the boſom of a man deſtined to the drudgery of the world, is the ſource of endleſs diſguſt: of this young Anneſly was unluckily poſſeſſed; and as he foreſaw, or thought he foreſaw, that it would not only endanger his ſucceſs, but take from the enjoyment of proſperity, ſuppoſing it attained, he declined following that road which his father had ſmoothed for his progreſs, and at the riſk of thoſe temporal advantages which the old gentleman's diſpleaſure, on this occaſion, might deny him, entered into the ſervice of the church, and retired to the country on one of the ſmalleſt endowments ſhe has to beſtow.

That feeling which prevents the acquiſition of wealth, is formed for the ſupport of poverty; the contentment of the poor, I had almoſt ſaid their pride, buoys up the ſpirit againſt the depreſſion of adverſity, and gives to our very wants the appearance of enjoyment.

Anneſly looked on happineſs as confined to the ſphere of ſequeſtered life. The pomp of greatneſs, the pleaſures of the affluent, he conſidered as only productive of turbulence, diſquiet, and remorſe; and thanked heaven for having placed him in his own little ſhed, which, in his opinion, was the reſidence of pure and laſting felicity.

With this view of things his father's ideas did by no means coincide: his anger againſt his ſon continued till his death; and, when that event happened, with the prepoſterous revenge of many a parent, he conſigned him to miſery, as he thought, becauſe he would not be unhappy in that way which he had inſiſted on his following, and cut him off from the inheritance of his birth, becauſe he had choſen a profeſſion which kept him in poverty without it.

Though Anneſly could ſupport the fear of poverty, he could not eaſily bear the thought of a dying father's diſpleaſure. On receiving intelligence of his being in a dangerous ſituation, he haſted to London, with the purpoſe of wringing from him his forgiveneſs for the only offence with which his ſon had ever been chargeable; but he arrived too late: his father had breathed his laſt on the evening of the day preceding that on which he reached the metropolis, and his houſe was already in the poſſeſſion of a nephew, to whom his ſon underſtood he had left every ſhilling of his fortune. This man had been bred a haberdaſher, at the expreſs deſire of old Anneſly, and had all that patient dulneſs which qualifies for getting rich, which, therefore, in the eyes of his uncle, was the moſt eſtimable of all qualities. He had ſeldom ſeen Richard Anneſly before, for indeed this laſt was not very ſolicitous of his acquaintance; he recollected his face however, and, deſiring him to ſit down, informed him particularly of the ſettlement which his relentleſs father had made. "It was unlucky, ſaid the haberdaſher, that you ſhould have made choice of ſuch a profeſſion; but a parſon, of all trades in the world, he could never endure. It is poſſible you may be low in caſh at this time: if you want a ſmall matter to buy mournings or ſo, I ſhall not ſcruple to advance you the needful; and I wiſh you would take them of neighbour Bullock, the woollen-draper, who is as honeſt a man as any of the trade, and would not impoſe on a child." Anneſly's eyes had been hitherto fixed on the ground; nor was there wanting a tear in each for his unnatural father: he turned them on this couſin with as contemptuous a look as his nature allowed them to aſſume, and walked out of the houſe without uttering a word.

He was now thrown upon the world with the ſentence of perpetual poverty for his inheritance. He found himſelf in the middle of a crouded ſtreet in London, ſurrounded by the buzzing ſons of induſtry, and ſhrunk back at the ſenſe of his own inſignificance. In the faces of thoſe he met, he ſaw no acknowledgment of connexion, and felt himſelf, like Cain after his brother's murder, an unſheltered, unfriended outcaſt. He looked back to his father's door; but his ſpirit was too mild for reproach—a tear dropped from his look!

There was in London one perſon, whoſe gentle nature he knew would feel for his misfortunes; yet to that one, of all others, his pride forbade him to reſort.

Harriet Wilkins was the daughter of a neighbour of his father's, who had for ſome time given up buſineſs, and lived on the intereſt of 4000*l.* which he had ſaved in the courſe of it. From this circumſtance, his acquaintance, old Anneſly, entertained no very high opinion of his underſtanding; and did not cultivate much friendſhip with a man whom he conſidered as a drone in the hive of ſociety: but in this opinion, as in many others, his ſon had the misfortune to differ from him; he uſed frequently to ſteal into Wilkins's houſe of an evening, to enjoy the converſation of one who had paſſed through life with obſervation, and had known the labor of buſineſs without that contraction of ſoul which it often occaſions. Harriet was commonly of the party, liſtening with Anneſly to her father's diſcourſe, and with Anneſly offering her remarks on it. She was not handſome enough to attract notice; but her look was of that complacent ſort which gains on the beholder, and pleaſes from the acknowledgment that it is beneath admiration.

Nor was her mind ill ſuited to this "Index of the ſoul." Without that brilliancy which excites the general applauſe,

plauſe, it poſſeſſed thoſe inferior ſweetneſſes which acquire the general eſteem; ſincere, benevolent, inoffenſive, and unaſſuming. Nobody talked of the ſayings of Miſs Wilkins; but every one heard her with pleaſure, and her ſmile was the ſignal of univerſal complacency.

Anneſly found himſelf inſenſibly attached to her by a chain, which had been impoſed without art, and ſuffered without conſciouſneſs. During his acquaintance with Harriet, he had come to that period of life, when men are moſt apt to be impreſſed with appearances; in fact, he had looked on many a beauty with a rapture which he thought ſincere till it was interrupted by the reflexion that ſhe was not Harriet Wilkins; there was a certain indefinable attraction which linked him every day cloſer to her, and artleſſneſs of manner had the effect (which I preſume, from their practice, few young ladies believe it to have) of ſecuring the conqueſt ſhe had gained.

From the wealth which old Anneſly was known to poſſeſs, his ſon was, doubtleſs, in the phraſe of the world, a very advantageous match for Miſs Wilkins; but when her father diſcovered the young man to be ſerious in his attachment to her, he frequently took occaſion to ſuggeſt, how unequal the ſmall fortune he could leave his daughter, was to the expectations of the ſon of a man worth 30,000*l.* and with a frankneſs peculiar to himſelf, gave the father to underſtand, that his ſon's viſits were rather more frequent than was conſiſtent with that track of prudence which the old gentleman would probably mark out for him. The father, however, took little notice of this intelligence; the truth was, that, judging by himſelf, he gave very little credit to it; becauſe it came from one, who, according to his conception of things, ſhould, of all others, have concealed it from his knowlege.

But though his ſon had the moſt ſincere attachment to Miſs Wilkins, his preſent circumſtances rendered it, in the language of prudence, impoſſible for them to marry. They contented themſelves therefore with the aſſurance of each other's conſtancy, and waited for ſome favorable change of condition which might allow them to be happy.

The firſt idea which ſtruck Anneſly's mind on the diſappointment he ſuffered from his father's ſettlement was the effect it would have on his ſituation with regard to Harriet. There is perhaps nothing more bitter in the lot of poverty, than the diſtance to which it throws a man from the woman he loves; that pride I have before taken notice of, which in every other circumſtance tends to his ſupport, ſerves but to wound him the deeper in this. That feeling now turned Anneſly's feet from his Harriet's door; yet it was now that his Harriet ſeemed the more worthy of his love, in proportion as his circumſtances rendered it hopeleſs. A train of ſoft reflexions at length baniſhed this rugged gueſt from his heart—" 'Tis but taking a laſt farewel!" ſaid he to himſelf, and trod back the ſteps which he had made.

He entered the room where Harriet was ſitting by her father, with a ſort of diffidence of his reception that he was not able to hide; but Wilkins welcomed him in ſuch a manner, as ſoon diſſipated the reſtraint under which the thoughts of his poverty had laid him. "This viſit, my dear Anneſly, ſaid he, flatters me, becauſe it ſhows you leaning on my friendſhip. I am not ignorant of your preſent ſituation, and I know the effect which prudent men will ſay it ſhould have on myſelf; that I differ from them, may be the conſequence of ſpleen, perhaps rather than generoſity: for I have been at war with the world from a boy. Come hither, Harriet; this is Richard Anneſly: his father, it is true, has left him 30,000 *l.* poorer than it was once expected he would; but he is Richard Anneſly ſtill! you will therefore look upon him as you did before. I am not ſtoic enough to deny, that riches afford numberleſs comforts and conveniences which are denied to the poor; but that riches are not eſſential to happineſs I know, becauſe I have never yet found myſelf unhappy;—nor ſhall I now ſleep unſound from the conſciouſneſs of having added to the preſſure of affliction, or wounded merit afreſh, becauſe fortune had already wounded it."

Liberal minds will delight in extending the empire of virtue; for my own part, I am happy to believe, that it is poſſible for an attorney to be honeſt, and a tradeſman to think like Wilkins.

CHAP. II.

More introductory matter.

WILKINS having thus overlooked the want of fortune in his young friend, the lovers found but little hindrance to the completion of their wiſhes: Harriet became the wife of a poor man, who returned the obligation he owed to her and her father's generoſity, by a tenderneſs and affection rarely found in wedlock, becauſe there are few minds from whom in reaſon they can be expected.

His father-in-law, to whom indeed the ſacrifice was but trifling, could not reſiſt the joint requeſt of his daughter and her huſband, to leave the town and make one of their family in the country. In ſomewhat leſs than a year he was the grandfather of a boy, and, nearly at the ſame diſtance of time after, of a girl, both of whom in his opinion, were cherubs; but even the goſſips around them owned they had never ſeen more promiſing children. The felicity of their little circle was now perhaps as perfect as the lot of humanity admits; nor would it have been eaſy to have found a groop, whoſe minds were better formed to deſerve or attain it. Health, innocence, and good-humour were of their houſehold; and many an honeſt neighbour, who never troubled himſelf to account for it, talked of the goodneſs of Anneſly's ale, and the chearfulneſs of his fire-ſide. I have been often admitted of the party, though I was too young for a companion to the ſeniors, and too old for a playfellow to the children; but no age, and often indeed no condition, excluded from a participation of their happineſs; and I have ſeen little Billy, before he could ſpeak to be well underſtood, lead in a long-bearded beggar, to ſing his ſong in its turn, and be rewarded with a cup of that excellent liquor I mentioned.

Their felicity was too perfect to be laſting.—Such is the proverbial opinion of mankind: the days of joy, however, are not more winged in their courſe than the days of ſorrow; but we count not the moments of their duration with ſo ſcrupulous an exactneſs.

Three years after the birth of her firſt daughter, Mrs. Anneſly was delivered of another; but the birth of the laſt was fatal to her mother, who did not many days ſurvive it. Anneſly's grief on this occaſion was immoderate; nor could all the endeavours of his father-in-law, whoſe mind was able to preſerve more compoſure, prevail upon him, for ſome days, to remember the common offices of life, or leave the room in which his Harriet had expired. Wilkins's grief, however, though of a more ſilent ſort, was not leſs deep in its effects; and when the turbulence of the other's ſorrow had yielded to the ſoothings of time, the old man retained all that tender regret, ſo due to the death of a child, an only child, whoſe filial duty had led him down the ſlope of life without ſuffering him to perceive the deſcent. The infant ſhe had left behind her was now doubly endeared to its father and him, from being conſidered as the laſt memorial of its dying mother; but of this melancholy kind of comfort they were alſo deprived in a few months by the ſmall-pox. Wilkins ſeemed by this ſecond blow to be looſened from the little hold he had ſtruggled to keep of the world, and his reſignation was now built upon the hopes, not of overcoming his affliction, but of eſcaping from its preſſure. The ſerenity which ſuch an idea confers, poſſeſſes of all others the greateſt dignity, becauſe it poſſeſſes of all others the beſt-aſſured confidence, leaning on a baſis that is fixed above the rotation of ſublunary things. An old man, who has lived in the exerciſe of virtue, looking back, without a bluſh, on the tenor of his paſt days, and pointing to that better ſtate, where alone he can be perfectly rewarded, is a figure the moſt venerable that can well be imagined: ſuch did Wilkins now exhibit.

" My ſon, ſaid he to Anneſly, I feel that I ſhall not be with you long; yet I leave not the world with that peeviſh diſguſt, which is ſometimes miſtaken for the courage that overcomes the dread of death: I lay down my being, with gratitude, for having ſo long poſſeſſed it, without having diſgraced it, by any great violation of the laws of him, by whom it was beſtowed. There is ſomething we cannot help feeling, on the fall of thoſe hopes we had been vainly diligent to rear; I had looked forward to ſome happy days, amidſt a race of my Harriet's and yours; but to the good, there can be no reaſonable regret from the diſappointment of ſuch expectations, becauſe the futurity, they truſt in after death, muſt far exceed any enjoyment which a longer life here could have afforded. It is otherwiſe with the proſpect of duty to be done; theſe two little ones, I leave to your tenderneſs and care; you will value life, as it gives you an opportunity of forming them to virtue ——Lay me beſide my Harriet!"

The old man's prediction was but too well verified; he did not long ſurvive this pathetic declaration. His ſon-in-law was now expoſed, alone and unaſſiſted, to the cares of the world, increaſed by the charge of his boy and girl; but the mind will ſupport much, when called into exertion by the neceſſity of things. His ſorrow yielded by degrees to the thoughts of that active duty he owed his children;

in time his fire-ſide was again cheared by their ſports around it; and though he ſometimes looked upon them with a tear, at the recollection of the paſt, yet would he as often wipe it from his eye, in ſilent gratitude to heaven, for the enjoyment of the preſent, and the anticipation of the future.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The openings of two characters, with which the reader may afterwards be better acquainted.

HIS ſon had a warmth of temper, which the father often obſerved with mingled pleaſure and regret; with pleaſure, from conſidering the generoſity and nobleneſs of ſentiment it beſpoke; with regret, from a foreboding of the many inconveniences to which its youthful poſſeſſor might naturally be expoſed.

But Harriet was ſoftneſs itſelf. The ſprightlineſs of her gayeſt moments would be checked by the recital of the diſtreſs of a fellow-creature, and ſhe would often weep all night from ſome tale which her maid had told of fictitious diſaſter. Her brother felt the repreſentation of worth ill-treated, or virtue oppreſſed, with indignation againſt the oppreſſor, and wiſhed to be a man, that he might, like Jack the giant-killer, gird on his ſword of ſharpneſs, and revenge the wrongs of the ſufferer; while his ſiſter preſſed his hand in hers, and trembled for the danger to which ſhe imagined him expoſed; nay, ſhe has been afterwards heard to cry out in her ſleep in a hurried voice, "You ſhall not go, my Billy, papa and I will die if you do."

A trifling incident, of which I find an account in one of their father's letters, will diſcriminate their characters better than a train of the moſt laboured expreſſion.

At the bottom of his garden ran a little rivulet, which was there dammed up to furniſh water for a mill below. On the bank was a linnet's neſt, which Harriet had diſcovered in her rambles, and often viſited with uncommon anxiety for the callow brood it contained. One day her brother and ſhe were at play on the green at a little diſtance, attended by a ſervant of their father's, when a favorite terrier of Billy's happened to wander amongſt the buſhes where this neſt was ſheltered: Harriet, afraid of the conſequences, begged the ſervant to run, and prevent his doing miſchief to the birds. Juſt as the fellow came up, the dog had lighted on the buſh, and ſurpriſed the dam, but was prevented from doing her much harm by the ſervant, who laid hold of him by the neck, and ſnatched his prey out of his mouth: the dog, reſenting this rough uſage, bit the man's finger till it bled, who, in return, beſtowed a hearty drubbing upon him, without regarding the entreaties or the threats of his little maſter. Billy, enraged at the ſufferings of his favorite, reſolved to wreak his vengeance where it was in his power, and running up to the neſt, threw it down, with all its unfledged inhabitants, to the ground. "Cruel Billy!" cried his ſiſter, while the tears ran down her cheeks. He turned ſullenly from her, and walked up to the houſe, while ſhe, with the man's aſſiſtance, gathered up the little flutterers, and having faſtened the neſt as well as ſhe could, replaced them ſafely within it.

When ſhe ſaw her brother again, he pouted, and would not ſpeak to her; ſhe endeavoured to regain his favour by kindneſs, but he refuſed her careſſes; ſhe ſought out the dog, who had ſuffered on her linnet's account, and ſtroaking him on the head, fed him with ſome cold meat, from her own hand: when her brother ſaw it, he called him away. She looked after Billy till he was gone, and then burſt into tears.

Next day they were down at the rivulet again. Still was Harriet endeavouring to be reconciled, and ſtill was her brother averſe to a reconciliation: he ſat biting his thumb, and looking angrily to the ſpot where his favorite had been puniſhed.

At that inſtant the linnet, in whoſe cauſe the quarrel had begun, was bringing out her younglings to their firſt imperfect flight, and two of them, unfortunately taking a wrong direction, fell ſhort into the middle of the pool. Billy ſtarted from the ground, and, without conſidering the depth, ruſhed into the water, where he was over head and ears the ſecond ſtep that he made. His ſiſter's ſcreams alarmed the ſervant, who ran to his aſſiſtance; but before he got to the place, the boy had reached a ſhallower part of the pool, and, though ſtaggering from his firſt plunge, had ſaved both the linnets, which he held carefully above the water, and landed ſafely on the oppoſite bank. He returned to his ſiſter by a ford below, and, preſenting her the birds, flung his arms round her neck, and, blubbering, aſked her, if ſhe would now forgive his unkindneſs.

Such were the minds which Anneſly's tuition was to form. To repreſs the warmth of temerity, without extinguiſhing the generous principles from which it aroſe, and to give firmneſs to ſenſibility where it bordered on weakneſs, without ſearing its feelings where they led to virtue, was the taſk he had marked out for his induſtry to accompliſh. He owned that his plan was frequently interrupted on both ſides by the tenderneſs of paternal affection; but he accuſtomed himſelf to remember, that, for his children he was accountable to God and their country. Nor was the ſituation I have deſcribed without difficulties, from the delicacy of preventing inclinations in the extreme, which were laudable in degree; " but here alſo, ſaid Anneſly, it is to be remembered, that no evil is ſo pernicious as that which grows in the ſoil from which good ſhould have ſprung."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A very brief account of their education.

ANNESLY was not only the ſuperintendant of his children's manners, but their maſter in the ſeveral branches of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics and geography, with a competent knowlege of the French and Italian languages, they learned together; and while Billy was employed with his father in reading Latin and Greek, his ſiſter received inſtruction in the female accompliſhments, from a better ſort of ſervant, whom Anneſly kept for that purpoſe, whoſe ſtation had once been ſuperior to ſervitude, and whom he ſtill treated more as a companion than a domeſtic. This inſtructreſs indeed ſhe loſt when about ten years old; but the want was more than ſupplied by the aſſiſtance of another, to wit, Mrs. Wiſtanly; who devoted many of her leiſure hours to the daughter of Anneſly, whom ſhe had then got acquainted with, and whom reciprocal worth had attached to her with the ſincereſt friendſhip and regard. The dancing-maſter of a neighbouring town paid them a weekly viſit for their inſtruction in the ſcience he profeſſed; at which time alſo were held their family-concerts, where Anneſly, who was eſteemed in his youth a firſt-rate player on the violin, uſed to preſide. Billy was an excellent ſecond; Mrs. Wiſtanly or her pupil undertook for the harpſicord, and the dancing-maſter played baſe as well as he could. He was not a very capital performer, but he was always very willing; and found as much pleaſure in his own performance as the beſt of them. Jack Ryland too would ſometimes join in a catch, though indeed he had but two, *Chriſt-church bells*, and *Jack, thou'rt a toper*; and Anneſly alledged that he was often out in the laſt, but Jack would never allow it.

Beſides theſe, there were certain evenings appropriated to exerciſes of the mind. "It is not enough, ſaid Anneſly, to put weapons into thoſe hands which never have been taught the uſe of them; the reading we recommend to youth will ſtore their minds with intelligence, if they attend to it properly; but to goa little farther, we muſt accuſtom them to apply it, we muſt teach them the art of comparing the ideas with which it has furniſhed them." In this view it was the practice, at thoſe ſtated times I have mentioned, for Billy, or his ſiſter, to read a ſelect paſſage of ſome claſſical author, on whoſe relations they delivered opinions, or on whoſe ſentiments they offered a comment. Never was ſeen more ſatisfaction on a countenance, than uſed to enlighten their father's, at the delivery of thoſe obſervations, which his little philoſophers were accuſtomed to make: indeed, there could ſcarcely, even to a ſtranger, be a more pleaſing exhibition; their very errors were delightful, becauſe they were the errors of benevolence, generoſity, and virtue.

As puniſhments are neceſſary in all ſocieties, Anneſly was obliged to invent ſome for the regulation of his: they conſiſted only of certain modifications of diſgrace. One of them I ſhall mention, becauſe it was exactly oppoſite to the practice of moſt of our ſchools; while there, offences are puniſhed by doubling the taſk of the ſcholar; with Anneſly, the getting of a leſſon or performing of an exerciſe was a privilege, of which a forfeiture was incurred by miſbehaviour; to teach his children, that he offered them inſtruction as a favor, inſtead of preſſing it as a hardſhip.

Billy had a ſmall part of his father's garden allotted him for his peculiar property, in which he wrought himſelf, being furniſhed with no other aſſiſtance from the gardener than directions how to manage it, and parcels of the ſeeds which they enabled him to ſow. When he had brought theſe to maturity, his father purchaſed the produce; Billy, with part of the purchaſe-money, was to lay in the ſtores neceſſary for his future induſtry, and the overplus he had the liberty of beſtowing on charitable uſes in the village. The ſame inſtitution prevailed as to his ſiſter's needle-work or embroidery. "For it is neceſſary, ſaid Anneſly, to give an idea of property, but let it not be ſeparated from the idea of beneficence."

Sometimes, when theſe ſums were traced to their diſburſement, it was found, that Harriet's money did not always reach the village, but was intercepted by the piteous recital of a wandering beggar by the way; and that Billy uſed to appropriate part of his to purpoſes not purely eleemoſynary; as, when he once parted with two thirds of his revenue, to reward a little boy for beating a big one, who had killed his tame ſparrow; or another time, when he went the blamable length of comforting with a ſhilling a lad, who had been ducked in a horſe-pond, for robbing the orchard of a miſer.

It was chiefly in this manner of inſtilling ſentiments, (as in the caſe of the charitable eſtabliſhment I have mentioned) by leading inſenſibly to the practice of virtue, rather than by downright precept, that Anneſly proceeded with his children; for it was his maxim, that the heart muſt feel, as well as the judgment be convinced, before the principles we mean to teach can be of habitual ſervice; and that the mind will always be more ſtrongly impreſſed with ideas which it is led to form of itſelf, than with thoſe which it paſſively receives from another. When, at any time, he delivered inſtructions, they were always clothed in the garb rather of advices from a friend, than lectures from a father; and were liſtened to with the warmth of friendſhip, as well as the humility of veneration. It is in truth ſomewhat ſurpriſing, how little intimacy ſubſiſts between parents and their children, eſpecially of our ſex; a circumſtance, which muſt operate in conjunction with their natural partiality, to keep the former in ignorance of the genius and diſpoſition of the latter.

Beſides all this, his children had the general advantage of a father's example: they ſaw the virtues he inculcated attended by all the conſequences in himſelf, which he had promiſed them as their reward: piety in him was recompenſed by peace of mind, benevolence by ſelf-ſatiſfaction, and integrity by the bleſſings of a good conſcience.

But the time at laſt arrived, when his ſon was to leave thoſe inſtructions and that example, for the walks of more public life: as he was intended, or, more properly ſpeaking, ſeemed to have an inclination, for a learned profeſſion, his father ſent him, in his twentieth year, to receive the finiſhings of education neceſſary for that purpoſe, at one of the univerſities. Yet he had not, I have heard him ſay, the moſt favourable opinion of the general courſe of education there; but he knew, that a young man might there have an opportunity of acquiring much knowlege, if he were inclined to it; and that good principles might preſerve him uncorrupted, even amidſt the dangers of ſome ſurrounding diſſipation: beſides, he had an additional inducement to this plan, from the repeated requeſt of a diſtant relation, who filled an office of ſome conſequence at Oxford, and had expreſſed a very earneſt deſire to have his young kinſman ſent thither, and placed under his own immediate inſpection.

Before he ſet out for that place, Anneſly, though he had a ſufficient confidence in his ſon, yet thought it not improper to mark out to him ſome of thoſe errors, to which the unexperienced are liable: he was not wont, as I have before obſerved, to preſs inſtruction upon his children; but the young man himſelf ſeemed to expect it, with the ſolicitude of one who ventured, not without anxiety, to leave that road, where the hand of a parent and friend had hitherto guided him in happineſs and ſafety. The ſubſtance of what he delivered to his ſon and daughter (for ſhe too was an auditor of his diſcourſes) I have endeavoured to collect from ſome of the papers Mrs. Wiſtanly put into my hands; and to arrange, as far as it ſeemed arrangeable, in the two following chapters.

It will not, however, after all, have a perfectly-connected appearance; becauſe, I imagine, it was delivered at different times, as occaſion invited, or leiſure allowed him; but its tendency appeared to be ſuch, that, even under theſe diſadvantages, I could not forbear inſerting it.

CHAP. V.

Paternal inſtructions.—Of ſuſpicion and confidence. — Ridicule. — Religion. — True pleaſure.—Caution to the female ſex.

YOU are now leaving us, my ſon, ſaid Anneſly, to make your entrance into the world: for, though from the pale of a college, the buſtle of ambition, the plodding of buſineſs, and the tinſel of gaiety, are ſuppoſed to be excluded; yet as it is the place where the perſons that are to perform in thoſe ſeveral characters often put on the dreſſes of each, there will not be wanting, even there, thoſe qualities that diſtinguiſh in all. I will not ſhock your imagination with the picture which ſome men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you againſt enormities, into which, I ſhould equally affront your underſtanding and your feelings, did I ſuppoſe you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that ſuſpicious caution, which young men are ſometimes adviſed to put on: they who always ſuſpect will often be miſtaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide diſtinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the ſimplicity that diſgraces a ſimpleton: he who never truſts is a niggard of his ſoul, who ſtarves himſelf, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praiſe, ſquanders the fund that ſhould ſerve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

In the circles of the world your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not uſeful; and your attachment won to characters, whoſe ſurfaces are ſhowy, without intrinſic value: in ſuch circumſtances be careful not always to impute knowlege to the appearance of acuteneſs, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be miſtaken for the force of argument. Nothing is ſo eaſy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life, when ſerioufneſs is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit ſo futile, or ſo dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itſelf momentous. There are in moſt ſocieties a ſet of ſelf-important young men, who borrow conſequence from ſingularity, and take precedency in wiſdom from the unfeeling uſe of the ludicrous; this is at beſt a ſhallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poiſonous to ſociety. I will not now, nor could you then, ſtand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one ſuggeſtion ſuffice, excluſive of all internal evidence, or extrinſic proof of revelation. He that would undermine thoſe foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, ſeeks to beat down that column, which ſupports the feebleneſs of humanity;—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arreſt the cruelty of his purpoſe;—would he pluck its little treaſure from the boſom of poverty? would he wreſt its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only ſolace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at beſt; we tread it, however, lighter by the proſpect of that better country to which we truſt it will lead; tell us not that it will end in the gulph of eternal diſſolution, or break off in ſome wild, which fancy may fill up as ſhe pleaſes, but reaſon is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which, amidſt the night of this evil world, has cheared the deſpondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkneſs of ſuffering virtue.

The two great movements of the ſoul, which the molder of our frames has placed in them for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the deſire of honour, and the fear of ſhame: but the perverſion of theſe qualities, which the refinement of ſociety is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the ſtandard of morality, to the banners of its oppoſite; into the firſt ſtep on which a young man ventures, in thoſe paths which the cautions of wiſdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly puſhed by the fear of that ridicule which he has ſeen levelled at ſimplicity, and the deſire of that applauſe which the ſpirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleaſure is in truth ſubſervient to virtue. When the firſt is purſued without thoſe reſtraints which the laſt would impoſe, every infringement we make on them leſſens the enjoyment we mean to attain; and nature is thus wiſe in our conſtruction, that, when we would be bleſſed beyond the pale of reaſon, we are bleſſed imperfectly.

fectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the ſhout of the bacchanal, that we are to meaſure the degree of pleaſure which he feels; the groſſneſs of the ſenſe he gratifies is equally inſuſceptible of the enjoyment, as it is deaf to the voice of reaſon; and, obdurated by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight which the finer ſenſations produce, which thrills in the boſom of delicacy and virtue.

Libertines have ſaid, my Harriet, that the ſmiles of your ſex attend them: and that the pride of conqueſt, where conqueſt is difficult, overcomes the fear of diſgrace and defeat. I hope there is leſs truth in this remark than is generally imagined; let it be my Harriet's belief that it cannot be true for the honour of her ſex; let it be her care that, for her own honour, it may be falſe as to her. Look on thoſe men, my child, even in their gayeſt and moſt alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and deſtructive of the welfare of ſociety; look on them as you would on a beautiful ſerpent, whoſe miſchief we may not forget while we admire the beauties of its ſkin. I marvel indeed how the pride of the fair can allow them to ſhow a partiality to him, who regards them as beings merely ſubſervient to his pleaſure, in whoſe opinion they have loſt all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates eſteem.

Be accuſtomed, my love, to think reſpectfully of yourſelf; it is the error of the gay world to place your ſex in a ſtation ſomewhat unworthy of a reaſonable creature;

ture; and the individuals of ours who addreſs themſelves to you, think it a neceſſary ingredient in their diſcourſe, that it ſhould want every ſolid property with which ſenſe and underſtanding would inveſt it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly diſguſting; but it is much leſs common than that of a trifling or an ignorant woman: the intercourſe of the ſexes is, in this reſpect, advantageous, that each has a deſire to pleaſe, mingled with a certain deference for the other; let not this purpoſe be loſt on one ſide, by its being ſuppoſed, that, to pleaſe yours, we muſt ſpeak ſomething, in which faſhion has ſanctified folly, and eaſe lent her garb to inſignificance. In general it ſhould never be forgotten, that, though life has its venial trifles, yet they ceaſe to be innocent when they encroach upon its important concerns; the mind that is often employed about little things, will be rendered unfit for any ſerious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its ſtrength, habitual vacancy will deſtroy it.

CHAP. VI.

In continuation.—Of knowlege.—Knowlege of the world.—Politeneſs.—Honour.—Another rule of action ſuggeſted.

AS the mind may be weakened by the purſuits of trivial matters, ſo its ſtrength may be miſled in deeper inveſtigations.

It is a capital error in the purſuit of knowlege, to ſuppoſe that we are never to believe what we cannot account for. There is no reaſon why we ſhould not attempt to underſtand every thing; but to own in ſome inſtances our limited knowlege, is a piece of modeſty in which lies the trueſt wiſdom.

Let it be our care that our effort in its tendency is *uſeful*, and our effort need not be repreſſed; for he that attempts the impoſſible, will often atchieve the extremely difficult; but the pride of knowlege often labours to gain what if gained would be uſeleſs, and waſtes exertion upon objects that have been left unattained from their futility. Men poſſeſſed of this deſire, you may perhaps find, my ſon, in that ſeat of ſcience whither you are going: but remember, that what claims our wonder, does not always merit our regard; and in knowlege and philoſophy be careful to diſtinguiſh, that the purpoſe of reſearch ſhould ever be fixed on making ſimple what is abſtruſe, not abſtruſe what is ſimple; and that difficulty in acquiſition will no more ſanctify its inexpediency, than the art of tumblers, who have learned to ſtand on their heads, will prove that to be the proper poſture for man.

There is a pedantry in being maſter of paradoxes contrary to the common opinions of mankind, which is equally diſguſting to the illiterate and the learned. The peaſant who enjoys the beauty of the tulip, is equally delighted with the philoſopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy who ſtrikes a ball with his racket, is as certain whither it will be driven by the blow, as if he were perfectly verſant in the diſpute about matter and motion. Vanity of our knowlege is generally found in the firſt ſtages of its acquirement, becauſe we are then looking back to that rank we have left, of ſuch as know nothing at all. Greater advances cure us of this, by pointing our view to thoſe above us; and when we reach the ſummit, we begin to diſcover, that human knowlege is ſo imperfect, as not to warrant any vanity upon it. In particular arts beware of that affectation of ſpeaking technically, by which ignorance is often diſguiſed, and knowlege diſgraced. They who are really ſkilful in the principles of ſcience, will acquire the veneration only of ſhallow minds by talking ſcientifically; for, to ſimplify expreſſion, is always the effect of the deepeſt knowlege, and of the cleareſt diſcernment. On the other hand, there may be many who poſſeſs taſte, though they have not attained ſkill; who, if they will be contented with the expreſſion of their own feelings, without labouring to keep up the borrowed phraſe of erudition, will have their opinions reſpected by all whoſe ſuffrages are worthy of being gained. The muſic, the painting, the poetry of the paſſions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence which national or temporary faſhions create, yet that ſtandard will ever remain which alone is common to all.

The oſtentation of learning is indeed always diſguſting in the intercourſe of ſociety; for even the benefit of inſtruction received cannot allay the conſciouſneſs of inferiority, and remarkable parts more frequently attract admiration than procure eſteem. To bring forth knowlege agreeably, as well as uſefully, is perhaps very difficult for thoſe, who have attained it in the ſecluded walks of ſtudy and ſpeculation,

culation, and is an art ſeldom found but in men who have likewiſe acquired ſome knowlege of the world.

I would however diſtinguiſh between that knowlege of the world that fits us for intercourſe with the better part of mankind, and that which we gain by aſſociating with the worſt.

But there is a certain learned ruſt which men as well as metals acquire; it is, ſimply ſpeaking, a blemiſh in both; the ſocial feelings grow callous from diſuſe, and loſe that pliancy of little affection, which ſweetens the cup of life as we drink it.

Even the ceremonial of the world, ſhallow as it may appear, is not without its uſe; it may indeed take from the warmth of friendſhip, but it covers the coldneſs of indifference; and if it has repreſſed the genuine overflowings of kindneſs, it has ſmothered the turbulence of paſſion and animoſity.

Politeneſs taught as an art is ridiculous; as the expreſſion of liberal ſentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeneſs of the heart which is confined to no rank, and dependent upon no education: the deſire of obliging, which a man poſſeſſed of this quality will univerſally ſhow, ſeldom fails of pleaſing, though his ſtile may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man in London, of the gentleſt manners, and of the moſt winning deportment; whoſe eye was ever brightened with the ſmiles of good-humour, and whoſe voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency;—and this man was bred a blackſmith!

The falſehood of politeneſs is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind; yet I would have it as little indulged as poſſible. There is a frankneſs without ruſticity, an openneſs of manner, prompted by good-humour, but guided by delicacy, which ſome are happy enough to poſſeſs, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to thoſe, whoſe good opinion, though of little eſtimation, it is the buſineſs of prudence not wantonly to loſe.

The circles of the gay, my children, would ſmile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me ſo little opportunity of obſerving; but true good-breeding is not confined within thoſe bounds to which their pedantry (if I may uſe the expreſſion) would reſtrict it: true good-breeding is the ſiſter of philanthropy, with feelings perhaps not ſo ſerious or tender, but equally inſpired by a fineneſs of ſoul, and open to the impreſſions of ſocial affection.

As politeneſs is the rule of the world's manners, ſo has it erected *Honour* the ſtandard of its morality; but its dictates too frequently depart from wiſdom with reſpect to ourſelves, from juſtice and humanity with reſpect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both; but there has ariſen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boaſtful and ſhowy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generoſity and courage are the virtues he boaſts of poſſeſſing; but his generoſity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

The punctilio's indeed on which he depends, for his own peace, and the peace of ſociety, are ſo ridiculous in the eye of reaſon, that it is not a little ſurpriſing, how ſo many millions of reaſonable beings ſhould have ſanctified them with their mutual conſent and acquieſcence; that they ſhould have agreed to ſurround the ſeats of friendſhip, and the table of feſtivity, with ſo many thorns of inquietude, and ſnares of deſtruction.

You will probably hear, my ſon, very frequent applauſe beſtowed on men of nice and jealous honour, who ſuffer not the ſmalleſt affront to paſs unqueſtioned or unrevenged; but do not imagine that the character which is moſt ſacredly guarded, is always the moſt unſullied in reality, nor allow yourſelf to envy a reputation for that ſort of valour which ſupports it. Think how uneaſily that man muſt paſs his time, who ſits, like a ſpider in the midſt of his feeling web, ready to catch the minuteſt occaſion for quarrel and reſentment. There is often more real puſillanimity in the mind that ſtarts into oppoſition where none is neceſſary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of ſome unguarded act or expreſſion, as not of conſequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware, that the young and high-ſpirited will ſay, that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice, the blindneſs I would recommend to affront or provocation; but there is a ſteady coolneſs and poſſeſſion of one's ſelf, which this principle will commonly beſtow, equally remote from the weakneſs of fear, and the diſcompoſure of anger, which gives to its poſſeſſor a ſtation that ſeldom fails of commanding reſpect, even from the ferocious votaries of ſanguinary *Honour*.

But ſome principle is required to draw a line of action, above the mere precepts of moral equity,

"Beyond the fixt and ſettled rules;"

and for this purpoſe is inſtituted the motive of *Honour*:—there is another at hand, which the ſubſtitution of this phantom too often deſtroys—it is *Conſcience*—whoſe voice, were it not ſtifled (ſometimes by this very falſe and ſpurious *Honour*) would lead directly to that liberal conſtruction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. Let my children never ſuffer this monitor to ſpeak unheeded, nor drown its whiſpers, amidſt the din of pleaſure, or the buſtle of life. Conſider it as the repreſentative of that Power who ſpake the ſoul into being, and in whoſe diſpoſal exiſtence is! To liſten therefore to his unwritten law which he promulgates by its voice, has every ſanction which his authority can give. It were enough to ſay that we are mortal; —but the argument is irreſiſtible, when we remember our Immortality.

CHAP. VII.

Introducing a new and capital Character.

IT was thus the good man inſtructed his children.

But, behold! the enemy came in the night and ſowed tares!

Such an enemy had the harmleſs family of which Anneſly was the head. It is ever to be regretted, that miſchief is ſeldom ſo weak but that worth may be ſtung by it; in the preſent inſtance, however, it was ſupported by talents miſapplied and ingenuity perverted.

Sir Thomas Sindall enjoyed an eſtate of 5000 l. a year in Anneſly's pariſh.

His father left him, when but a child, poſſeſſed of an eſtate to the amount we have juſt mentioned and of a very large ſum of money beſides, which his economy had ſaved him from its produce. His mother, though a very good woman, was a very bad parent; ſhe loved her ſon, as too many mothers do, with that inſtinctive affection which nature has beſtowed on the loweſt rank of creatures. She loved him as her ſon, though he inherited none of her virtues, and becauſe ſhe happened to have no other child, ſhe reared this in ſuch a manner, as was moſt likely to prevent the comfort he might have afforded herſelf, and the uſefulneſs of which he might have been to ſociety. In ſhort, he did what he liked, at firſt becauſe his ſpirit ſhould not be confined too early, and afterwards he did what he liked, becauſe it was paſt being confined at all.

But his temper was not altogether of that fiery kind, which ſome young men, ſo circumſtanced, and ſo educated, are poſſeſſed of. There was a degree of prudence which grew up with him from a boy, that tempered the ſallies of paſſion to make its object more ſure in the acquiſition. When at ſchool, he was always the conductor of miſchief, though he did not often participate in its execution; and his carriage to his maſter was ſuch, that he was a favourite without any abilities as a ſcholar, and acquired a character for regularity, while his aſſociates were daily flogged for tranſgreſſions, which he had guided in their progreſs, and enjoyed the fruits of in their completion. There ſometimes aroſe ſuſpicions of the reality; but even thoſe who diſcovered them mingled a certain degree of praiſe with their cenſure, and propheſied, that he would be A Man of the World.

As he advanced in life, he faſhioned his behaviour to the different humours of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood; he hunted with the fox-hunters through the day, and drank with them in the evening. With theſe he diverted himſelf at the expence of the ſober prigs, as he termed them, that looked after the improvement of their eſtates when it was fair, and read a book within doors when it rained; and to-morrow he talked on farming with this latter claſs, and ridiculed the hunting phraſes, and boiſterous mirth of his yeſterday's companions. They were very well pleaſed to laugh at one another, while he laughed in his ſleeve at both. This was ſometimes diſcovered, and people were going to be angry—but ſomebody ſaid in excuſe that Sindall was A Man of the World.

While the Oxford-terms laſted, (to which place he had gone in the courſe of modern education) there were frequent reports in the country of the diſſipated life he led; it was even ſaid that he had diſappeared from college for ſix weeks together, during which time he was ſuſpected of having taken a trip to London with another man's wife; this was only mentioned in a whiſper; it was loudly denied; people doubted at firſt, and ſhortly forgot it. Some little extravagances they ſaid he might have been guilty of. It was impoſſible for a man of two and twenty to ſeclude himſelf altogether from company; and you could not look for the temperance of a hermit in a young baronet of 5000*l.* a year. It is indiſpenſable for ſuch a man to come forth into life a little; with 5000*l.* a year, one muſt be A Man of the World.

His firſt tutor, whoſe learning was as extenſive, as his manners were pure, left him in diſguſt; ſober people wondered at this; but he was ſoon provided with another with whom he had got acquainted at Oxford: One whom every body declared to be much fitter for the tuition of young Sindall, being like his pupil, A Man of the World.

But though his extravagance in ſquandering money, under the tuition of this gentleman, was frequently complained of, yet it was found that he was not altogether thoughtleſs of its acquiſition. Upon the ſale of an eſtate in his neighbourhood, it was diſcovered that a very advantageous mortgage, which had ſtood in the name of another, had been really tranſacted for the benefit of young Sindall. His prudent friends plumed themſelves upon this intelligence; and according to their uſe of the phraſe, began to hope, that, after ſowing his wild oats, ſir Thomas would turn out A Man of the World.

C H A P. VIII.

The Footing on which he ſtood with Anneſly and his Family.

THOUGH ſuch a man as we have deſcribed might be reckoned a valuable acquaintance by many, he was otherwiſe reckoned by Anneſly; he had heard enough (though he had heard but part) of his character, to conſider him as a dangerous neighbour; but it was impoſſible to avoid ſometimes ſeeing him, from whoſe father he had got the living which he now occupied. There is no tax ſo heavy on a little man, as an acquaintance with a great one. Anneſly had found this in the life-time of Sir William Sindall. He was one of thoſe whom the general voice pronounces to be a good ſort of man, under which denomination I never look for much ſenſe, or much delicacy. In fact the baronet poſſeſſed but little of either; he lived hoſpitably for his own ſake, as well as that of his gueſts, becauſe he liked a good dinner and a bottle of wine after it; and in one part of hoſpitality he excelled, which was, the faculty of making every body drunk that had not uncommon fortitude to withſtand his attacks. Anneſly's cloth protected him from this laſt inconvenience; but it often drew from Sir William a ſet of jeſts, which his memory had enabled him to retain, and had paſſed through the heirs of his family, like their eſtate, down from the days of that monarch of facetious memory, Charles the Second.

Though to a man of Anneſly's delicacy all this could not but be highly diſagreeable, yet gratitude made him Sir William's gueſt oft enough to ſhow that he had not forgot that attention which his paſt favours demanded; and Sir William recollected them from another motive, to wit, that they gave a ſanction to thoſe liberties he ſometimes uſed with him who had received them. This might have been held ſufficient to have cancelled the obligation; but Anneſly was not wont to be directed by the eaſieſt rules of virtue; the impreſſion ſtill remained, and it even deſcended to the ſon after the death of the father.

Sindall therefore was a frequent gueſt at his houſe; and, though it might have been imagined, that the diſſipated mind of a young man of his fortune would have found but little delight in Anneſly's humble ſhed, yet he ſeemed to enjoy its ſimplicity with the higheſt reliſh; he poſſeſſed indeed that pliancy of diſpoſition that could wonderfully accommodate itſelf to the humour of every one around him; and he ſo managed matters in his viſits to Anneſly, that this laſt began to imagine the reports he had heard concerning him, to be either entirely falſe, or at leaſt aggravated much beyond truth.

From what motive ſoever Sindall began theſe viſits, he ſoon diſcovered a very ſtrong inducement to continue them. Harriet Anneſly was now arrived at the ſize, if not the age, of womanhood; and poſſeſſed an uncommon degree of beauty and elegance of form.

In her face joined to the moſt perfect ſymmetry of features was a melting expreſſion, ſuited to that ſenſibility of ſoul we have mentioned her to be endowed with. In her perſon, rather above the common ſize, ſhe exhibited a degree of eaſe and gracefulneſs which nature alone had given, and art was not allowed to diminiſh. Upon ſuch a woman Sindall could not look with indifference; and according to his principles of libertiniſm, he had marked her as a prey, which his ſituation gave him opportunities of purſuing, and which one day he could not fail to poſſeſs.

In the courſe of his acquaintance he began to diſcover, that the ſoftneſs of her ſoul was diſtant from ſimplicity, and that much art would be neceſſary to overcome a virtue, which the hand of a parent a parent had carefully fortified. He aſſumed therefore the ſemblance of thoſe tender feelings, which were moſt likely to gain the eſteem of the daughter, while he talked with that appearance of candour and principle, which he thought neceſſary to procure him the confidence of the father. He would frequently confeſs, with a ſigh, that his youth had been ſometimes unwarily drawn into error; then graſp Anneſly's hand, and looking earneſtly in his face, beg him to ſtrengthen by his counſel the good reſolutions which he thanked heaven he had been enabled to make. Upon the whole, he continued to gain ſuch a degree of eſtimation with the family, that the young folks ſpoke of his ſeeming good qualities with pleaſure, and their father mentioned his ſuppoſed foibles with regret.

CHAP. IX.

Young Anneſly goes to Oxford—The Friendſhip of Sindall—It's Conſequences.

UPON its being determined that young Anneſly ſhould go to Oxford, Sir Thomas ſhowed him remarkable kindneſs and attention. He conducted him thither in his own carriage; and as his kinſman, to whoſe charge he was committed, happened accidentally to be for ſome time unable to aſſign him an apartment in his houſe, Sindall quitted his own lodging to accommodate him. To a young man newly lanched into life, removed from the only ſociety he had ever known, to another compoſed of ſtrangers, ſuch aſſiduity of notice could not but be highly pleaſing; and in his letters to his father he did not fail to ſet forth, in the ſtrongeſt manner, the obligations he had to ſir Thomas. His father, whom years had taught wiſdom, but whoſe warmth of gratitude they had not diminiſhed, felt the favour as acutely as his ſon; nor did the foreſight of meaner ſouls ariſe in his breaſt to abate its acknowledgment.

The hopes which he had formed of his Billy were not diſappointed. He very ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the univerſity for learning and genius; and in the correſpondence of his kinſman were recited daily inſtances of the notice which his parts attracted. But his praiſe was cold in compariſon with Sindall's; he wrote to Anneſly of his young friend's acquirement and abilities, in a ſtrain of enthuſiaſtic encomium; and ſeemed to ſpeak the language of his own enjoyment, at the applauſe of others which he recited. It was on this ſide that Anneſly's ſoul was acceſſible, for on this ſide lay that pride which is the weakneſs of all. On this ſide did Sindall overcome it.

From thoſe very qualities alſo which he applauded in the ſon, he derived the temptation with which he meant to ſeduce him; for ſuch was the plan of exquiſite miſchief he had formed; beſides the common deſire of depravity to make proſelytes from innocence, he conſidered the virtue of the brother as that ſtructure on the ruin of which he was to accompliſh the conqueſt of the ſiſter's. He introduced him therefore into the company of ſome of the moſt artful of his own aſſociates, who loudly echoed the praiſes he laviſhed on his friend, and ſhowed, or pretended to ſhow, that value for his acquaintance, which was the ſtrongeſt recommendation poſſible of their own. The diffidence which Anneſly's youth and inexperience had at firſt laid upon his mind, they removed by the encouragement which their approbation of his opinions beſtowed; and he found himſelf endebted to them both for an eaſe of delivering his ſentiments, and the reputation which their ſuffrages conferred upon them.

For all this, however, they expected a return; and Anneſly had not fortitude to deny it—an indulgence for ſome trivial irregularities which they now and then permitted to appear in their converſation. At firſt their new acquaintance took no notice of them at all; he found that he could not approve, and it would have hurt him to condemn. By degrees he began to allow them his laugh, though his ſoul was little at eaſe under the gaiety which his features aſſumed—once or twice when the majority againſt him appeared to be ſmall, he ventured to argue, though with a caution of giving offence, againſt ſome of the ſentiments he heard. Upon theſe occaſions Sindall artfully joined him in the argument; but they were always overcome. He had to deal with men who were ſkilled, by a mere act of the memory, in all the ſophiſms which voluptuaries have framed to juſtify the unbounded purſuit of pleaſure; and thoſe who had not learning enough to argue, had aſſurance to laugh. Yet Anneſly's conviction was not changed; but the edge of his abhorrence to vice was blunted;

ed; and though his virtue kept her poſt, ſhe found herſelf gall'd in maintaining it.

It was not till ſome time after, that they ventured to ſolicit his participation of their pleaſures; and it was not till after many ſolicitations that his innocence was overcome. But the progreſs of their victories was rapid after his firſt defeat. And he ſhortly attained the ſtation of experienced vice, and began to aſſume a ſuperiority from the undauntedneſs with which he practiſed it.

But it was neceſſary, the while, to deceive that relation under whoſe inſpection his father had placed him; in truth it was no very hard matter to deceive him. He was a man of that abſtracted diſpoſition, that is ſeldom converſant with any thing around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his conſtitution (encreaſed by conſtant ſtudy) that was proof againſt all violence of paſſion or deſire; and he thought, if he thought of the matter at all, that all men were like himſelf, whoſe indolence could never be overcome by the pleaſure of purſuit, or the joys of attainment. Beſides all this, Mr. Lumley, that tutor of Sindall's whom we have formerly mentioned, was a man the beſt calculated in the world for lulling his ſuſpicions aſleep, if his nature had ever allowed them to ariſe. This man, whoſe parts were of that pliable kind that eaſily acquire a ſuperficial knowledge of every thing, poſſeſſed the talent of hypocriſy as deeply as the deſire of pleaſure; and while in reality he was the moſt profligate of men, he had that command of paſſion, which never ſuffered it to intrude where he could wiſh it concealed; he preſerved in the opinion of Mr. Jephſon, the gravity of a ſtudious and contemplative character which was ſo congenial to his own: and he would often riſe from a metaphyſical diſcuſſion with the old gentleman, leaving him in admiration of the depth of his reading, and the acuteneſs of his parts, to join the debauch of Sindall and his diſſolute companions.

By his aſſiſtance therefore Anneſly's diſſipation was effectually ſcreened from the notice of his kinſman; Jephſon was even prevailed on by falſe ſuggeſtions to write to the country continued encomiums on his ſobriety and application to ſtudy; and the father, who was happy in believing him, enquired no farther.

CHAP. X.

A very groſs attempt is made on Anneſly's honour.

SINDALL having brought the mind of his proſelyte to that conformity of ſentiment to which he had thus laboured to reduce it, ventured to diſcover to him the paſſion he had conceived for his ſiſter. The occaſion, however, on which he diſcovered it, was ſuch a one as he imagined gave him ſome title to be liſtened to.

Anneſly had an allowance ſettled on him by his father, rather in truth above what his circumſtances might warrant with propriety; but as the feelings of the good man's heart were, in every virtuous purpoſe, ſomewhat beyond the limitations of his fortune, he inclined rather to pinch himſelf, than to ſtop any channel through which advantage might flow to his ſon; and meant his education and his manners to be in every reſpect liberal and accompliſhed.

But this allowance ill ſufficed to gratify the extravagance which his late connexion had taught him; he began very ſoon to know a want which he had never hitherto experienced: at firſt this not only limited his pleaſures, but began to check the deſire of them, and in ſome meaſure ſerved to awaken that ſenſe of contrition, which their rotation had before overcome. But Sindall took care that he ſhould not be thus left to reflexion; and as ſoon as he gueſſed the cauſe, prevented its continuance by an immediate ſupply, offered, and indeed urged, with all the open warmth of diſintereſted friendſhip. From being accuſtomed to receive, Anneſly at laſt overcame the ſhame of aſking, and applied repeatedly for ſums, under the denomination of loans, for the payment of which he could only draw upon contingency. His neceſſities were the more frequent, as, amongſt other arts of pleaſure which he had lately acquired, that of gaming had not been omitted.

Having one night loſt a ſum, conſiderably above what he was able to pay, to a member of their ſociety with whom he was in no degree of intimacy, he gave him his note payable the next morning (for this was the regulated limitation of their credit) though he knew that to-morrow would find him as poor as to-night. On theſe particular occaſions, when his hours would have been ſo highly irregular, that they could not eſcape the cenſure of Mr. Jephſon, or his family, he uſed to pretend, that, for the ſake of diſentangling ſome point of ſtudy with Sindall and his tutor, he had paſſed the night with them at their lodgings, and what ſmall portion of it was allowed for ſleep he did actually ſpend there. After this loſs therefore, he accompanied Sindall home, and could not, it may well be ſuppoſed, conceal from him the ſhagreen it occaſioned. His friend as uſual advanced him money for diſcharging the debt. Anneſly, who never had had occaſion to borrow ſo much from him before, expreſſed his ſorrow at the neceſſity which his honour laid him under, of accepting ſo large a ſum. Poh! anſwered Sindall, 'tis but a trifle, and what a man muſt now and then loſe to be thought genteelly of. "Yes, if his fortune can afford it," ſaid the other gloomily. Ay, there's the rub, returned his friend; that fortune ſhould have conſtituted an inequality where nature made none. How juſt is the complaint of Jaffier,

Tell me why, good heav'n!
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the ſpirit
Aſpiring thoughts and elegant deſires,
That fill the happieſt man?

That ſuch ſhould be the lot of my friend, I can regret—thanks to my better ſtars, I can more than regret it. What is the value of this droſs (holding a handful of gold) but to make the ſituation of merit level with its deſervings? Yet, believe me, there are wants which riches cannot remove, deſires which ſometimes they cannot ſatisfy; even at this moment, your ſeeming-happy Sindall, in whoſe lap fortune has poured her bleſſings, has his cares, my Anneſly, has his inquietudes, which need the hand of friendſhip to comfort and to ſooth."

Anneſly, with all the warmth of his nature, inſiſted on partaking his uneaſineſs, that if he could not alleviate, he might at leaſt condole with his diſtreſs.

Sindall embraced him; "I know your friendſhip, ſaid he, and I will put it to the proof. You have a ſiſter, the lovely, the adorable Harriet; ſhe has robb'd me of that peace which the ſmile of fortune cannot reſtore, as her frown had been unable to take away! did you know the burnings of this boſom! but I ſpeak unthinkingly what perhaps my delicacy ſhould not have whiſpered, even in the ear of friendſhip.

Pardon me—the ardor of a love like mine may be forgiven ſome extravagance."

Anneſly's eyes ſufficiently teſtified his inward ſatisfaction at this diſcovery, but he recollected the dignity which his ſituation required, and replied calmly, "that he pretended no guidance of his ſiſter's inclinations; that his own gratitude for ſir Thomas's favours he had ever loudly declared; and that he knew his ſiſter felt enough on his account, to make the introduction of her brother's friend a more than uſually favourable one."

"But my ſituation, returned Sindall, is extremely particular; you have heard my opinions on the ſcore of love often declared; and truſt me, they are the genuine ſentiments of my heart. The trammels of form, which the unfeeling cuſtom of the world has thrown upon the freedom of mutual affection, are inſupportable to that fineneſs of ſoul, to which reſtraint and happineſs are terms of oppoſition. Let my miſtreſs be my miſtreſs ſtill, with all the privileges of a wife, without a wife's indifference or a wife's diſquiet.—My fortune the property of her and her friends, but that liberty alone reſerved, which is the ſtrongeſt bond of the affection ſhe ſhould wiſh to poſſeſs from me."—He look'd ſtedfaſtly in Anneſly's face, which by this time began to aſſume every mark of reſentment and indignation. He eyed him aſcant with an affected ſmile:—"You ſmile, ſir," ſaid Anneſly, whoſe breath was ſtifled hy the ſwelling of his heart—Sindall laugh'd aloud: "I am a wretched hypocrite, ſaid he, and could contain myſelf

ſelf no longer." "So you were but in jeſt, it ſeems," replied the other, ſettling his features into a dry compoſure. "My dear Anneſly, returned he, had you but ſeen the countenance this trial of mine gave you; it would have made a picture worthy of the gallery of Florence. I wanted to have a perfect idea of ſurprize, indignation, ſtruggling friendſhip, and ſwelling honour, and I think I ſucceeded.—But I keep you from your reſt — Good night —and he walked out of the room."

Anneſly had felt too much to be able to reſign himſelf ſpeedily to reſt; he could not but think this joke of his friend rather a ſerious one; yet he had ſeen him ſometimes carry this ſpecies of wit to a very extraordinary length; but the indelicacy of the preſent inſtance was not to be eaſily accounted for—he doubted, believed, was angry, and pacified by turns; the remembrance of his favours aroſe; they aroſe at firſt in a form that added to the malignity of the offence; then the ſeries in which they had been beſtowed, ſeem'd to plead on the other ſide. At laſt, when worn by the fighting of contrary emotions, he look'd forward to the conſequences of a rupture with Sindall; the pleaſures of that ſociety of which he was the leader, the habitual tie which it had got on Anneſly's ſoul, prevail'd; for he had by this time loſt that ſatisfaction which was wont to flow from himſelf. He ſhut his mind againſt the ſuggeſtions of any further ſuſpicion, and, with that winking cowardice, which many miſtake for reſolution, was reſolved to truſt him for his friend, whom it would have hurt him to conſider as an enemy.

Sindall, on the other hand, diſcovered that the youth was not ſo entirely at his diſpoſal as he had imagined him; and that though he was proſelyte enough to be wicked, he muſt be led a little farther to be uſeful.

CHAP. XI.

Anneſly gives farther proofs of depravity of manners. The effect it has on his father, and the conſequences with regard to his connexion with Sindall.

TO continue that train of diſſipation, in which their pupil had been initiated, was the buſineſs of Sindall and his aſſociates. Though they contrived, as we have before mentioned, to eſcape the immediate notice of Mr. Jephſon, yet the eyes of others could not be ſo eaſily blinded; the behaviour of Anneſly began to be talk'd of for its irregularity, and the more ſo, for the change which it had undergone from that ſimplicity of manners which he had brought with him to Oxford. And ſome one, whether from regard to him, or what other motive I know not, informed his kinſman of what every one but his kinſman ſuſpected.

Upon this information he gave the young man a lecture in the uſual terms of admonition; but an effort was always painful to him, even where the office was more agreeable than that of reproof. He had recourſe therefore to the aſſiſtance of his fellow-philoſopher Mr. Lumley, whom he informed of the accounts he had received of Anneſly's imprudence, and entreated to take the proper meaſures, from his influence with the young gentleman, to make him ſenſible of the impropriety of his paſt conduct, and to prevent its continuance for the future.

Lumley expreſſed his ſurprize at this intelligence, with unparallel'd command of features; regretted the too prevailing diſſipation of youth, affected to doubt the truth of the accuſation, but promiſed at the ſame time, to make the proper enquiries into the fact, and take the moſt prudent method of preventing a conſequence ſo dangerous, as that of drawing from the road of his duty, one whom he believed to be poſſeſſed of ſo many good qualities as Mr. Anneſly.

Whether Mr. Lumley employed his talents towards his reformation or degeneracy, it is certain that Anneſly's conduct betrayed many marks of the latter; at laſt, in an hour of intoxication, having engaged in a quarrel with one of his companions, it produced conſequences ſo notorious, that the proctor could not fail to take notice of it; and that officer of the univerſity having interpoſed his authority, in a manner which the humour of Anneſly, inflammable as it then was, could not brook, he broke forth into ſome extravagances ſo perſonally offenſive, that when the matter came to be canvaſſed, nothing ſhort of expulſion was talk'd of as a puniſhment for the offence.

It was then that Mr. Jephſon firſt informed his father of thoſe irregularities which his ſon had been guilty of. His father indeed, from the diſcontinuance of that gentleman's correſpondence much beyond the uſual time, had begun to make ſome unfavorable conjectures; but he accounted for this neglect from many different cauſes; and when once his ingenuity had taken that ſide of the argument, it quickly found means to convince him that his kinſman's ſilence could not be imputed to any fault of his ſon.

It was at the cloſe of one of their ſolitary meals that this account of Jephſon's happened to reach Anneſly and his daughter. Harriet never forgot her Billy's health, and ſhe had now filled her father's glaſs to the accuſtomed pledge, when the ſervant brought them a letter with the Oxford mark on it. Read it, my love, ſaid Anneſly, with a ſmile, while he began to blame his ſuſpicions at the ſilence of his kinſman. Harriet began reading accordingly, but ſhe had ſcarce got through the firſt ſentence, when the matter it contained rendered her voice inarticulate. Her father took the letter out of her hand, and after peruſing it, he put it in his pocket, keeping up a look of compoſure amidſt the anguiſh with which his heart was wrung. "Alas! ſaid Harriet, what has my brother done?" he preſs'd her involuntarily to his boſom, and it was then that he could not reſtrain his tears—"Your brother, my love, has forgotten us; he has forgotten the purity which here is happineſs, and I fear has ill exchang'd it for what the world calls pleaſure; but this is the firſt of his wanderings, and we will endeavour to call him back into the path he has left. Reach me the pen, ink, and paper, my love."—"I will go, ſaid ſhe, ſobbing, and pray for him the while." Anneſly ſat down to write—"My deareſt boy!"—'twas a movement grown mechanical to his pen—he daſht through the words, and a tear fell on the place;—ye know not, ye who revel in the wantonneſs of diſſipation, and ſcoff at the ſolicitude of parental affection! ye know not the agony of ſuch a tear; elſe—ye are men, and it were beyond the depravity of nature.

It was not till after more than one blotted ſcrawl, that he was able to write, what the man might claim, and the parent ſhould approve. The letter which he at laſt determined to ſend was of the following tenor:

" My ſon,

" With anguiſh I write what I truſt will be read with contrition. I am not ſkilled in the language of rebuke, and it was once my pride to have ſuch a ſon that I needed not to acquire it. If he has not loſt the feelings by which the ſilent ſorrows of a father's heart are underſtood, I ſhall have no need of words to recal him from that conduct by which they are cauſed. In the midſt of what he will now term pleaſure, he may have forgotten the father and the friend; let this tear, with which my paper is blotted, awaken his remembrance; it is not the firſt I have ſhed; but it is the firſt which flowed from my affliction mingled with diſgrace. Had I been only weeping for my ſon, I ſhould have found ſome melancholy comfort to ſupport me; while I bluſh for him, I have no conſolation.

" But the future is yet left to him and to me; let the reparation be immediate, as the wrong was great; that the tongue which ſpeaks of your ſhame maybe ſtopt with the information of your amendment."

He had juſt finiſhed this letter when Harriet entered the room: " Will my dear papa forgive me, ſaid ſhe, if I incloſe a few lines under this cover."—"Forgive you, my dear! it cannot offend me." She laid her hand on his letter, and look'd as if ſhe would have ſaid ſomething more; he preſs'd her hand in his; a tear which had juſt budded in her eye, now dropp'd to the ground. "You have not been harſh to my Billy:" ſhe bluſh'd as ſhe ſpoke; and her father kiſs'd her cheek as it bluſh'd.—She incloſed the following note to her brother:

"Did my deareſt Billy but know the ſorrow which he has given the moſt indulgent of fathers, he could not leſs than his Harriet regret the occaſion of it.

"But things may be repreſented worſe than they really are—I am buſy at framing excuſes; but I will ſay nothing more on a ſubject, which, by this time, my brother muſt have thought enough on.

“ Alas! that you ſhould leave this ſeat of innocent delight; but men were made for buſtle and ſociety: yet we might have been happy here together; there are in other hearts, wiſhes which they call ambition; mine ſhrinks at the thought, and would ſhelter for ever amidſt the ſweets of this humble ſpot. Would that its partner were here to taſte them! the ſhrub-walk, you mark'd out through the little grove, I have been careful to trim in your abſence—'tis wild, melancholy, and thoughtful. It is there that I think moſt of my Billy.

" But at this time, beſides his abſence, there is another cauſe to allay the pleaſure which the beauties of nature ſhould beſtow. My dear papa is far from being well. He has no fix'd complaint; but he looks thin and pale, and his appetite is almoſt entirely gone; yet he will not let me ſay that he ails: oh! my brother! I dare not think more that way. Would you were here to comfort me! in the mean time remember your ever affectionate

HARRIET."

Anneſly was juſt about to diſpatch theſe letters when he received one expreſſed in the moſt ſympathizing terms from ſir Thomas Sindall. That young gentleman, after touching, in the tendereſt manner, on the pain which a father muſt feel from the errors of his children, adminiſtered the only comfort that was left to adminiſter, by repreſenting, that young Anneſly's fault had been exaggerated much beyond the truth, and that it was entirely owing to the effects of a warm temper, accidentally inflamed with liquor, and provoked by ſome degree of inſolence in the officer to whom the outrage had been offer'd; he particularly regretted that his preſent diſpoſition towards ſobriety, had prevented himſelf from being preſent at that meeting, in which caſe, he ſaid, he was pretty certain this unlucky affair had never happened; that, as it was, the only thing left for his friendſhip to do, was to amend what it had not lain within his power to prevent; and he begg'd, as a teſtimony of the old gentleman's regard, that he might honour him ſo far as to commit to him the care of ſetting matters to rights with regard to the character of his ſon, which he hoped to be ſoon able effectually to reſtore.

The earlieſt conſolation which a man receives after any calamity is hallowed for ever in his regard, as a benighted traveller careſſes the dog whoſe barking firſt announced him to be near the habitations of men. It was ſo with Anneſly; his unſuſpecting heart overflowed with gratitude towards this friend of his ſon, and he now grew laviſh of his confidence towards him, in proportion as he recollected having once (in his preſent opinion unjuſtly) denied it.

He returned therefore an anſwer to ſir Thomas, with all thoſe genuine expreſſions of acknowledgment, which the honeſt emotions of his ſoul could dictate; he accepted, as the greateſt obligation, that concern which he took in the welfare of his ſon, and chearfully repoſed on his care the truſt which his friendſhip deſired; and as a proof of it, he incloſed to him the letter he had wrote to William, to be delivered at what time, and enforced in what manner, his prudence ſhould ſuggeſt.

CHAP. XII.

The plan which Sindall forms for obliterating the ſtain which the character of his friend had ſuffered.

SIR Thomas did accordingly deliver this letter of Anneſly's to his ſon; and as the penitence which the young man there felt for his recent offence, made the aſſumption of a character of ſobriety proper, he accompanied this paternal remonſtrance with advices of his own, dictated alike by friendſhip and prudence.

They were at this time, indeed, but little neceſſary; in the interval between the paroxyſms of pleaſure and diſſipation, the genuine feelings of his nature had time to ariſe; and, awakened as they now were by the letters of his father and ſiſter, their voice was irreſiſtible: he kiſs'd the ſignature of their names a thouſand times, and, weeping on Sindall's neck, imprecated the wrath of heaven on his own head, that could thus heap affliction on the age of the beſt of parents.

He expreſs'd at the ſame time his intention of leaving Oxford, and returning home, as an immediate inſtance of his deſire of reformation. Sir Thomas, though he gave all the praiſe to this purpoſe which its filial piety deſerved, yet doubted the propriety of putting it in execution; he ſaid that in the little circles of the country, Anneſly's penitence would not ſo immediately blot out his offence, but that the weak and the illiberal would ſhun the contagion, as it were, of his company, and that he would meet every day with affronts and neglects, which the ſincerity of his repentance ill deſerved, and his conſciouſneſs of that ſincerity might not eaſily brook. He told him, that a young gentleman, a friend of his, who was juſt going to ſet out on a tour abroad, had but a few days before written to him, deſiring his recommendation of ſome body, with the manners and education of a gentleman, to accompany him on his travels, and that he believed he could eaſily procure that ſtation for his friend; which would have the double advantage, of removing him from the obloquy to which the late accident had ſubjected him, and of improving him in every reſpect, by the opportunity it would give, of obſerving the laws, cuſtoms, and polity of our neighbours on the continent.

While the depreſſion produced by Anneſly's conſciouſneſs of his offences remained ſtrong upon his mind, this propoſal met with no very warm reception; but, in proportion as the comfort and encouragement of his friend prevailed, the ambition, which a man of his age naturally feels to ſee ſomething of the world, began to ſpeak in its behalf; he mentioned however the conſent of his father as an indiſpenſable preliminary. This ſir Thomas allowed to be juſt, and ſhowing him that confidential letter which the old gentleman had written him, undertook to mention this ſcheme for his approbation in the anſwer he intended making to it. In this too was encloſed his young friend's return to the letters of his father and ſiſter, which were contained in the preceding chapter; full of that contrition which, at the time, he really felt, and of thoſe good reſolutions which, at the time, he ſincerely formed. As to the matter of his going abroad, he only touch'd on it as a plan of ſir Thomas Sindall's, whoſe friendſhip had dictated the propoſal, and whoſe judgment of its expediency his own words were to contain.

His father received it, not without thoſe pangs, which the thought of ſeparation from a ſon, on whom the peace of his ſoul reſted, muſt cauſe; but he examined it with that impartiality which his wiſdom ſuggeſted in every thing that concerned his children: "My own ſatisfaction, he would often ſay, has for its object only the few years of a waning life; the ſituation of my children, my hopes would extend to the importance of a much longer period." He held the balance therefore in an even hand; the arguments of Sindall had much of the ſpecious, as his inducement to uſe them had much of the friendly. The young gentleman, whom Billy was to accompany, had connexions of ſuch weight in the ſtate, that the faireſt proſpects ſeemed to open from their patronage; nor could the force of that argument be denied, which ſuppoſed conveniency in the change of place to Anneſly at the preſent, and improvement for the future. There were not however wanting ſome conſiderations of reaſon to ſide with a parent's tears againſt the journey; but Sindall had anſwers for them all; and at laſt he wrung from him his ſlow leave, on condition that William ſhould return home, for a ſingle day, to bid the laſt farewel to his father and his Harriet.

Mean time the puniſhment of Anneſly's late offence in the univerſity was mitigated by the intereſt of Sindall, and the interceſſion of Mr. Jephſon. Expulſion, which had before been inſiſted on, was changed into a ſentence of leſs indignity, to wit, that of being publicly reprimanded by the head of the college to which he belonged; after ſubmitting to which, he ſet out, accompanied by ſir Thomas, to bid adieu to his father's houſe, preparatory to his going abroad.

His father at meeting touch'd on his late irregularities with that delicacy, of which a good mind cannot diveſt itſelf, even amidſt the purpoſed ſeverity of reproof:

and, having thus far ſacrificed to juſtice and parental authority, he opened his ſoul to all that warmth of affection which his Billy had always experienced; nor was the mind of his ſon yet ſo perverted by his former courſe of diſſipation, as to be inſenſible to that ſympathy of feelings which this indulgence ſhould produce. The tear which he offered to it was the ſacrifice of his heart; wrung by the recollection of the paſt, and ſwelling with the purpoſe of the future.

When the morning of his departure arrived, he ſtole ſoftly into his father's chamber, meaning to take leave of him without being ſeen by his ſiſter, whoſe tenderneſs of ſoul could not eaſily bear the pangs of a ſolemn farewel. He found his father on his knees.—— The good man, riſing with that ſerene dignity of aſpect which thoſe ſacred duties ever conferred on him, turned to his ſon: "You go, my boy, ſaid he, to a diſtant land, far from the guidance and protection of your earthly parent; I was recommending you to the care of him who is at all times preſent with you: though I am not ſuperſtitious, yet I confeſs, I feel ſomething about me as if I ſhould never ſee you more; if theſe are my laſt words, let them be treaſur'd in your remembrance—Live as becomes a man, and a chriſtian; live as becomes him who is to live for ever!"

As he ſpoke, his daughter entered the room. "Ah! my Billy, ſaid ſhe, could you have been ſo cruel as to go without ſeeing your Harriet? it would have broken my heart! oh! I have much to ſay and many farewels to take; yet now methinks I can ſay nothing, and ſcarce dare bid you farewel!"—"My children, interrupted her father, in this cabinet is a preſent I have always intended for each of you; and this, which is perhaps the laſt time we ſhall meet together, I think the fitteſt to beſtow them. Here, my Harriet, is a miniature of that angel your mother; imitate her virtues, and be happy.—Here, my Billy, is its counterpart, a picture of your father; whatever he is, heaven knows his affection to you; let that endear the memorial, and recommend that conduct to his ſon which will make his father's grey hairs go down to the grave in peace!" Tears were the only anſwer that either could give. Anneſly embraced his ſon and bleſs'd him. Harriet blubber'd on his neck! Twice he offered to go, and twice the agony of his ſiſter pulled him back; at laſt ſhe flung herſelf into the arms of her father, who beckoning to ſir Thomas Sindall, juſt then arrived to carry off his companion, that young gentleman, who was himſelf not a little affected with the ſcene, took his friend by the hand, and led him to the carriage that waited them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

He reaches London, where he remains longer than was expected. The effects of his ſtay there.

IN a few days Anneſly and his friend the baronet arrived in the metropolis. His father had been informed, that the gentleman whom he was to accompany in his travels was to meet him in that city, where they propoſed to remain only a week or two; for the purpoſe of ſeeing any thing curious in town, and of ſettling ſome points of accommodation on their rout through the countries they meant to viſit: an intelligence he confeſſed very agreeable to him, becauſe he knew the temptations to which a young man is expoſed by a life of idleneſs in London.

But, in truth, the intention of ſir Thomas Sindall never was, that his preſent pupil (if we may ſo call him) ſhould travel any farther. The young gentleman, for whoſe companion he had pretended to engage Anneſly, was indeed to ſet out very ſoon after on the tour of Europe; but he had already been provided with a travelling governor, who was to meet him upon his arrival at Calais (for the air of England agreed ſo ill with this gentleman's conſtitution, that he never croſs'd the channel) and who had made the ſame journey, ſeveral times before, with ſome Engliſh young men of great fortunes, whom he had the honour of returning to their native country, with the ſame ſovereign contempt for it that he himſelf entertained. The purpoſe of Sindall was merely to remove the ſon to a ſtill greater diſtance from his father, and to a ſcene where his own plan, of entire converſion, ſhould meet with every aid, which the ſociety of the idle and the profligate could give it.

For ſome time, however, he found the diſpoſition of Anneſly averſe to his deſigns. The figure of his father venerable in virtue, of his ſiſter lovely in innocence, were imprinted on his mind; and the variety of public places of entertainment, to which ſir Thomas conducted him, could not immediately efface the impreſſion.

But as their novelty at firſt delighted, their frequency at laſt ſubdued him; his mind began to accuſtom itſelf to the hurry of thoughtleſs amuſement, and to feel a painful vacancy, when the buſtle of the ſcene was at any time changed for ſolitude. The unreſtrained warmth and energy of his temper, yielded up his underſtanding to the company of fools, and his reſolutions of reformation to the ſociety of the diſſolute, becauſe it caught the fervor of the preſent moment, before reaſon could pauſe on the diſpoſal of the next; and, by the induſtry of Sindall, he found, every day, a ſet of friends, among whom the moſt engaging were always the moſt licentious, and joined to every thing which the good deteſt, every thing which the unthinking admire. I have often indeed been tempted to imagine, that there is ſomething unfortunate, if not blamable, in that harſhneſs and auſterity, which virtue too often aſſumes; and have ſeen, with regret, ſome excellent men, the authority of whoſe underſtanding, and the attraction of whoſe wit, might have kept many a deſerter under the banners of goodneſs, loſe all that power of ſervice, by the unbending diſtance which they kept from the little pleaſantries and ſweetneſſes of life. This conduct may be ſafe, but there is ſomething ungenerous and cowardly in it; to keep their forces, like an over-cautious commander, in faſtneſſes, and fortified towns, while they ſuffer the enemy to waſte and ravage the country. Praiſe is indeed due to him, who can any way preſerve his integrity; but ſurely the heart that can retain it, even while it opens to all the warmth of ſocial feeling, will be an offering more acceptable in the eye of heaven.

Anneſly was diſtant from any counſel or example, that might counterbalance the contagious influence of the diſſolute ſociety, with which his time was now engroſs'd; but his ſeduction was not complete, till the better principles, which his ſoul ſtill retained, were made acceſſary to its accompliſhment.

Sindall procured a woman infamous enough for his purpoſe, the caſt miſtreſs of one of his former companions, whom he tutored to invent a plauſible ſtory of diſtreſs and misfortune, which he contrived, in a manner ſeemingly accidental, to have communicated to Anneſly. His native compaſſion, and his native warmth, were intereſted in her ſufferings, and her wrongs; and he applauded himſelf for the protection which he afforded her, while ſhe was the abandoned inſtrument of his undoing. After having retained, for ſome time, the purity of her guardian and protector, in an hour of intoxication he ventured to approach her on a looſer footing; and ſhe had afterwards the addreſs to make him believe, that the weakneſs of her gratitude had granted to him, what to any other her virtue would have refuſed; and during the criminal intercourſe in which he lived with her, ſhe continued to maintain a character of affection and tenderneſs, which might excuſe the guilt of her own conduct, and account for the infatuation of his.

In this fatal connexion every remembrance of that weeping home which he had ſo lately left, with the reſolutions of penitence and reformation, was eraſed from his mind; or, if at times it intruded, it came not that gentle gueſt, at whoſe approach his boſom uſed to be thrilled with reverence and love, but approached in the form of ſome ungracious monitor, whoſe buſineſs was to baniſh pleaſure and awaken remorſe; and, therefore, the next amuſement, folly, or vice, was called in to his aid to baniſh and expel it. As it was ſometimes neceſſary to write to his father, he fell upon an expedient, even to ſave himſelf the pain of thinking ſo long, as that purpoſe required, on a ſubject now grown ſo irkſome to him, and employed that woman, in whoſe toils he was thus ſhamefully entangled, to read the letters he received, and dictate ſuch anſwers as her cunning could ſuggeſt, to miſlead the judgment of his unſuſpecting parent.

All this while Sindall artfully kept ſo much aloof, as to preſerve, even with the ſon, ſomething of that character which he had acquired with the father; he was often abſent from parties of remarkable irregularity, and ſometimes ventured a gentle cenſure on his friend for having been led into them. But while he ſeemed to check their continuance under this cloak of prudence, he encouraged it in the report he made of the voice of others; for while the ſcale of character, for temperance, ſobriety, and morals, ſinks on one ſide, there is a balance of fame in the mouths of part of the world riſing on the other—Anneſly could bear to be told of his ſpirit, his generoſity, and his honour.

CHAP. XIV.

He feels the diſtreſſes of poverty. He is put on a method of relieving them. An account of its ſucceſs.

THE manner of life which Anneſly now purſued without reſtraint, was neceſſarily productive of ſuch expence as he could very ill afford. But the craft of his female aſſociate was not much at a loſs for pretences, to make frequent demands on the generoſity of his father. The ſame excuſes which ſerved to account for his ſtay in London, in ſome meaſure apologized for the largeneſs of the ſums he drew for; if it was neceſſary for him to remain there, expence, if not unavoidable, was at leaſt difficult to be avoided; and for the cauſes of his ſtay in that city he had only to repeat the accounts, which he daily received from Sindall, of various accidents which obliged his young friend to poſtpone his intended tour.

Though in the country there was little opportunity of knowing the town-irregularities of Anneſly, yet there were not wanting ſurmiſes of it among ſome, of which it is likely his father might have heard enough to alarm him, had he not been at this time in ſuch a ſtate of health as prevented him from much ſociety with his neighbours; a ſlow aguiſh diſorder, which followed thoſe ſymptoms his daughter's letter to her brother had deſcribed, having confined him to his chamber almoſt conſtantly from the time of his ſon's departure.

Anneſly had ſtill ſome bluſhes left, and when he had puſh'd his father's indulgence, in the article of ſupply, as far as ſhame would allow him, he look'd round for ſome other ſource whence preſent relief might be drawn, without daring to conſider how the arrearages of the future ſhould be cancelled. Sindall for ſome time anſwered his exigences without reluctance; but at laſt he informed him, as he ſaid with regret, that he could not from particular circumſtances afford him, at that immediate juncture, any greater aſſiſtance than a ſmall ſum, which he then put into Anneſly's hands, and which the very next day was ſquandered by the prodigality of his miſtreſs.

The next morning he roſe without knowing how the wants of the day were to be provided for, and ſtrolling out into one of his accuſtomed walks, gave himſelf up to all the pangs, which the retroſpect of the paſt, and the idea of the preſent, ſuggeſted. But he felt not that contrition which reſults from ingenuous ſorrow for our offences; his ſoul was ruled by that gloomy demon, who looks only to the anguiſh of their puniſhment, and accuſes the hand of providence, for calamity which himſelf has occaſioned.

In this ſituation he was met by one of his new-acquired friends, who was walking off the oppreſſion of laſt night's riot. The melancholy of his countenance was ſo eaſily obſervable, that it could not eſcape the notice of his companion, who rallied him on the ſerioufneſs of his aſpect, in the cant-phraſe of thoſe brutes of our ſpecies, who are profeſſed enemies to the faculty of thinking. Though Anneſly's pride for a while kept him ſilent, it was at laſt overcome by the other's importunity, and he confeſſed the deſperation of his circumſtances to be the cauſe of his preſent depreſſion. His companion, whoſe purſe, as himſelf informed Anneſly, had been fluſhed by the ſucceſs of the preceding night, animated by the liberality which attends ſudden good fortune, freely offered him the uſe of twenty pieces till better times ſhould enable him to repay them. "But, ſaid he gaily, it is a ſhame for a fellow of your parts to want money, when fortune has provided ſo many rich fools for the harveſt of the wiſe and the induſtrious. If you'll allow me to be your conductor this evening, I will ſhow you where, by the traffic of your wits, in a very ſhort time you may convert theſe twenty guineas into fifty." "At play," replied Anneſly coolly. "Ay at play, returned the other, and fair play too: 'tis the only profeſſion left for a man of ſpirit and honour to purſue: to cheat as a merchant, to quibble as a lawyer, or to cant as a churchman, is confined to fellows who have no fire in their compoſition. Give me but a bold ſet, and a fair throw for it, and then for the life of a lord, or the death of a gentleman." "I have had but little experience in the profeſſion, ſaid Anneſly, and ſhould but throw away your money." "Never fear, replied the other; do but mark me, and I will enſure you; I will ſhow you our men; pigeons, mere pigeons, by Jupiter."

It was not for a man in Anneſly's ſituation to balk the promiſe of ſuch a golden opportunity; they dined together, and afterwards repaired to a gaming houſe, where Anneſly's companion introduced him, as a friend of his, juſt arrived from the country, to ſeveral young gentlemen who ſeemed to be waiting his arrival.— "I promiſed you your revenge, ſaid he, my dears, and you ſhall have it; ſome of my friend's Lady-day rents too have accompanied him to London; if you win, you ſhall wear them. To buſineſs, to buſineſs."

In the courſe of their play, Anneſly, though but moderately ſkilled in the game, diſcovered that the company, to whom he had been introduced, were in reality ſuch bubbles as his companion had repreſented them; after being heated by ſome ſmall ſucceſs in the beginning, they began to bet extravagantly againſt every calculation of chances; and in an hour or two, his aſſociate and he had ſtripped them of a very conſiderable ſum, of which his own ſhare, though much the ſmaller, was upwards of threeſcore guineas. When they left the houſe, he offered his conductor the ſum he had lent him, with a profuſion of thanks both for the uſe and the improvement of it. "No, my boy, ſaid he, not now; your note is ſufficient: I will rather call for it, when I am at a pinch; you ſee now the road to wealth and independance; you will meet me here to-morrow." He promiſed to meet him accordingly.

They had been but a few minutes in the room this ſecond night, when a gentleman entered, whom the company ſaluted with the appellation of ſquire: the greater part of them ſeem'd to be charmed with his preſence; but the countenance of Anneſly's companion fell at his approach; "damn him, ſaid he, in a whiſper to Anneſly, he's a knowing one."

In ſome degree indeed he deſerved the title: for he had attained, from pretty long experience, aſſiſted by natural quickneſs of parts, a conſiderable knowlege in the ſcience; and in ſtrokes of genius, at games where genius was required, was excelled by few. But after all, he was far from being ſucceſsful in the profeſſion; nature intended him for ſomething better; and as he ſpoiled a wit, an orator, and perhaps a poet, by turning gambler; ſo he often ſpoiled a gambler by the ambition, which was not yet entirely quenched, of ſhining occaſionally in all thoſe characters, And as a companion, he was too pleaſing, and too well pleas'd, to keep that cool indifference, which is the characteriſtic of him, who ſhould be always poſſeſs'd of himſelf, and conſider every other man only as the ſpunge from whom he is to ſqueeze advantage.

To the preſent party, however, he was unqueſtionably ſuperior; and of courſe in a ſhort time began to levy large contributions, not only on the more inexperienced, whom Anneſly and his conductor had mark'd for their own booty, but likewiſe on theſe two gentlemen themſelves, whoſe winnings of the former evening, were now faſt diminiſhing before the ſuperior ſkill of this new antagoniſt.

But, in the midſt of his ſucceſs, he was interrupted by the arrival of another gentleman, who ſeem'd alſo to be a well-known character in this temple of fortune, being ſaluted by the familiar name of Black-beard. This man poſſeſſed an unmoved equality both of temper and aſpect; and though in reality he was of no very ſuperior abilities, yet had acquired the reputation both of depth and acuteneſs, from being always accuſtomed to think on his own intereſt, and purſuing with the moſt ſedulous attention every object which led to it, unſeduced by one ſingle ſpark of thoſe feelings which the world terms Weakneſs.

In the article of gaming, which he had early pitch'd on as the means of advancement, he had availed himſelf of that induſtry, and ſaturnine complexion, to acquire the moſt conſummate knowlege of its principles, which indeed he had attained to a very remarkable degree of perfection.

Oppoſed to this man, even the ſkill of the hitherto-ſucceſsful ſquire was unavailing; and conſequently he not only ſtripp'd that gentleman of the gains he had made, but gleaned whatever he had left in the purſes of the inferior members of the party, amongſt whom Anneſly and his aſſociates were reduced to their laſt guinea.

This they agreed to ſpend together at a tavern in the neighbourhood, where they curſed fortune, their ſpoiler, and themſelves, in all the bitterneſs of rage and diſappointment. Anneſly did not ſeek to account for their loſſes otherwiſe than in the real way, to wit, from the ſuperior ſkill of their adverſary; but his companion, who often boaſted of his own, threw out ſome inſinuations of foul play and connivance.

"If I thought that,"—ſaid Anneſly, laying his hand on his ſword, while his cheeks burnt with indignation.—"Poh! replied the other, 'tis in vain to be angry; here's damnation to him in a bumper."

The other did not fail his pledge; and by a liberal application to the bottle, they ſo far overcame their loſſes, that Anneſly reel'd home, ſinging a catch, forgetful of the paſt, and regardleſs of to-morrow.

CHAP. XV.

Another attempt to retrieve his circumſtances; the conſequences of which are ſtill more fatal.

THOUGH the arrival of to-morrow might be overlook'd, it could not be prevented. It roſe on Anneſly one of the moſt wretched of mankind. Poverty, embittered by diſgrace, was now approaching him, who knew of no friend to ward off the blow, and had no conſolation in himſelf by which it might be lightened: if any thing could add to his preſent diſtreſs, it was encreaſed by the abſence of Sindall, who was then in the country, and the upbraidings of his female companion, who now exclaimed againſt the folly which herſelf had cauſed, and the extravagance herſelf had participated.

About mid-day, his laſt night's fellow-ſufferer paid him a viſit; their mutual ſhagreen at meeting, from the recollection of misfortune which it produced, was evident in their countenances; but it was not a little encreaſed, when the other told Anneſly he came to put him in mind of the ſum he had advanced him two days before, for which he had now very particular occaſion. Anneſly anſwered, that he had frankly told him the ſtate of his finances at the time of the loan, and accepted it on no condition of ſpeedy payment; that he had, that ſame evening, offered to repay him when it was in his power, and that he could not but think the demand ungentlemanlike, at a time when he muſt know his utter inability to comply with it.

"Ungentlemanlike! ſaid the other; I don't underſtand what you mean ſir, by ſuch a phraſe; will you pay me my money or not?"—"I cannot."—"Then, ſir, you muſt expect me to employ ſome gentleman for the recovery of it, who will ſpeak to you, perhaps, in a more ungentlemanlike ſtile than I do." And, ſo ſaying, he flung out of the room.

"Infamous wretch!" exclaimed Anneſly, and walk'd about with a hurried ſtep, gnawing his lip, and muttering curſes on him, and on himſelf. —There was another gentleman wanted to ſee him below ſtairs.—'Twas a mercer who came to demand payment of ſome fineries his lady, as he termed her, had purchaſed; he was, with difficulty, diſmiſſed.—In a quarter of an hour there was another call —'Twas a dun of a taylor for cloaths to himſelf — he would take no excuſe—— "Come, ſaid Anneſly, with a look of deſperation, to-morrow morning, and I will pay you."——

But how?—he ſtared wildly on the ground, then knocked his head againſt the wall, and acted all the extravagances of a madman. At laſt, with a more ſettled horror in his eye, he put on his ſword, and without knowing whither he ſhould go, ſallied into the ſtreet.

He happened to meet in his way ſome of thoſe boon companions, with whom his nights of jollity had been ſpent; but their terms of ſalutation were ſo cold and forbidding, as obviouſly to ſhow that the account of his circumſtances had already reached them; and, with them, he who had every thing to aſk, and nothing to beſtow, could poſſeſs no quality attractive of regard. After ſantering from ſtreet to ſtreet, and from ſquare to ſquare, he found himſelf towards the cloſe of the day within a few paces of that very gaming-houſe where he had been ſo unfortunate the evening before. A ſort of malicious curioſity, and ſome hope of he knew not what, tempted him to reenter it. He found much the ſame company he had ſeen the preceding night, with the exception, however, of his former aſſociate, and one or two of the younger members of their party whom the ſame cauſe prevented from attending.

Strolling into another room, he found an inferior ſet of gameſters, whoſe ſtakes were lower, though their vociferation was infinitely more loud. In the far corner ſat a man, who preſerved a compoſure of countenance, undiſturbed by the clamour and confuſion that ſurrounded him. After a little obſervation, Anneſly diſcovered that he was a money-lender, who advanced certain ſums at a very exorbitant premium to the perſons engaged in the play. Some of thoſe he ſaw, who could offer no other ſecurity ſatisfying to this uſurer, procure a few guineas from him, on pawning a watch, a ring, or ſome other appendage of former finery. Of ſuch he had before diveſted himſelf for urgent demands, and had nothing ſuperfluous about him but his ſword, which he had kept the lateſt, and which he now depoſited in the hands of the old gentleman in the corner, who furniſhed him with a couple of pieces upon it, that with them he might once more try his fortune at the table.

The ſucceſs exceeded his expectation; it was ſo rapid that in leſs than an hour he had encreaſed his two guineas to forty, with which he determined to retire contented; but when he would have redeemed his ſword, he was informed that the keeper of it had juſt gone into the other room, where, as he entered to demand it, he unfortunately overheard the ſame gentleman who had gained his money the former night, offering a bet, to the amount of the ſum Anneſly then poſſeſſed, on a caſt where he imagined the chance to be much againſt it. Stimulated with the deſire of doubling his gain, and the ſudden provocation,

cation, as it were, of the offer, he accepted it; and, in one moment, loſt all the fruits of his former good-fortune.—The tranſport of his paſſion could not expreſs itſelf in words; but taking up one of the dice, with the ſeeming coolneſs of exquiſite anguiſh, he fairly bit it in two, and caſting a look of frenzy on his ſword, which he was now unable to ranſom, he ruſh'd out of the houſe, uncovered as he was, his hat hanging on a peg in the other apartment.

The agitation of his mind was ſuch as denied all attention to common things; and, inſtead of taking the direct road to his lodgings, he wandered off the ſtreet into an obſcure alley, where he had not advanced far, till he was accoſted by a fellow, who, in a very peremptory tone, deſired him to deliver his money, or he would inſtantly blow out his brains, preſenting a piſtol at leſs than half a yard's diſtance.—"I can give you nothing, ſaid Anneſly, becauſe I have nothing to give." —"Damn you, return'd the other, do you think I'll be fobb'd off ſo; your money, and be damn'd to you, or I'll ſend you to hell in a twinkling"—advancing his piſtol, at the ſame time, within a hand's-breadth of his face. Anneſly, at that inſtant, ſtruck up the muzzle with his arm, and laying hold of the barrel, by a ſudden wrench, forced the weapon out of the hands of the villain, who, not chuſing to riſk any farther combat, made the beſt of his way down the alley, and left Anneſly maſter of his arms. He ſtood for a moment entranc'd in thought.—"Whoever thou art, ſaid he, I thank thee; by heaven, thou inſtructeſt and armeſt me; this may provide for to-morrow, or make its proviſion unneceſſary." He now hied him back with hurried pace to the mouth of the alley, where in the ſhade of a jutting wall he could mark unperceived the objects on the ſtreet. He had ſtood there but a few ſeconds, and began already to waver in his purpoſe, when he ſaw come out of the gaming-houſe, which he had left, the very man who had plundered him of his all. The richneſs of the prize, with immediate revenge, awakened together in his mind; and the ſuſpicion of foul play, which his companion had hinted the night before, gave them a ſanction of ſomething like juſtice: he waited till the chair, in which the gameſter was conveyed, came oppoſite to the place where he ſtood; then covering his face with one hand, and aſſuming a tone different from his natural, he pulled out his piſtol, and commanded the leading chairman to ſtop. This effected, he went up to the chair, and the gentleman within having let down one of the glaſſes to know the reaſon of its ſtop, the ſtopper clapp'd the piſtol to his breaſt, and threatened him with inſtant death, if he did not deliver his money. The other, after ſome little heſitation, during which Anneſly repeated his threats, with the moſt horrible oaths, drew a purſe of gold from his pocket, which Anneſly ſnatcht out of his hand, and running down the alley, made his eſcape at the other end; and, after turning through ſeveral ſtreets, in different directions, ſo as to elude purſuit, arrived ſafely at home with the booty he had taken.

Meantime the gameſter returned to the houſe he had juſt quitted, with the account of his diſaſter. The whole fraternity, who could make no allowance for a robber of this ſort, were alarmed at the accident; every one was buſied in enquiry, and a thouſand queſtions were aſked about his appearance, his behaviour, and the rout he had taken. The chairmen, who had been ſomewhat more poſſeſſed of themſelves, at the time of the robbery, than their maſter, had remarked the circumſtance of the robber's wanting his hat: this was no ſooner mentioned, than a buz ran through the company, that the young gentleman, who had gone off a little while before, had been obſerved to be uncovered when he left the houſe; and, upon ſearch made, his hat was actually found with his name mark'd on the inſide.

This was a ground of ſuſpicion too ſtrong to be overlooked: meſſengers were diſpatched in queſt of the friend who had introduced him there the preceding night; upon his being found, and acquainting them of Anneſly's lodgings, proper warrants were obtained for a ſearch.

When that unfortunate young man arrived at home, he was met on the ſtairs by the lady we have formerly mentioned, who, in terms of bitter reproach, interrupted with tears, inveighed againſt the cruelty of his neglect, in thus leaving her to pine alone, without even the common comforts of a miſerable life. Her cenſure indeed was the more violent, as there was little reaſon for its violence; for ſhe had that moment diſmiſſed at a back-door, a gallant who was more attentive than Anneſly.

neſly. He, who could very well allow the grounds of her complaint, only pleaded neceſſity for his excuſe; he could but mutter this apology in imperfect words, for the perturbation of his mind almoſt deprived him of the powers of ſpeech. Upon her taking notice of this, with much ſeeming concern for his health, he beckoned her into a chamber, and daſhing the purſe on the floor, pointed to it with a look of horror, as an anſwer to her upbraidings.

What have you done for this? ſaid ſhe, taking it up: He threw himſelf into a chair, without anſwering a word.

At that moment the officers of juſtice, who had loſt no time in proſecuting their information, entered the houſe; and ſome of them, accompanied by an attorney, employed by the gentleman who had been robbed, walked ſoftly up ſtairs to the room where Anneſly was, and burſting into it before he could prepare for any defence, laid hold of him in rather a violent manner; which the lawyer obſerving, deſired them to uſe the gentleman civilly, till he ſhould aſk him a few queſtions. "I will anſwer none, ſaid Anneſly; do your duty." "Then, ſir, replied the other, you muſt attend us to thoſe who can queſtion you with better authority; and I muſt make bold to ſecure this lady, till ſhe anſwer ſome queſtions alſo." The lady ſaved him the trouble; for being now pretty well ſatisfied, that her heroe was at the end of his career, ſhe thought it moſt prudent to break off a connexion where nothing was to be gained, and make a merit of contributing her endeavours to bring the offender to juſtice. She called, therefore, this leader of the party into another room, and being informed by him that the young gentleman was ſuſpected of having committed a robbery ſcarce an hour before, ſhe pulled out the purſe which ſhe had juſt received from him, and aſked the lawyer, If it was that which had been taken from his client? "Ay, that it is, I'll be ſworn, ſaid he; and here (pouring out its contents) is the ring he mentioned at the bottom."—— "But, ſaid ſhe, pauſing a little, it will prove the thing as well without the guineas." "I proteſt, returned the lawyer, thou art a girl of excellent invention—Hum—here are fourſcore; one half of them might have been ſpent—or dropt out by the way, or—any thing may be ſuppoſed; and ſo we ſhall have twenty a-piece.—Some folks to be ſure would take more, but I love conſcience in thoſe matters."

Having finiſhed this tranſaction, in ſuch a manner as might give no offence to the conſcience of this honeſt pettifogger, they returned to the priſoner, who contented himſelf with darting a look of indignation at his female betrayer; and after being ſome time in the cuſtody of the lawyer and his aſſiſtants, was carried, in the morning, along with her, before a magiſtrate. The ſeveral circumſtances I have related being ſworn to, Anneſly was committed to Newgate, and the gameſter bound over to proſecute him at the next ſeſſions, which were not then very diſtant.

CHAP. XVI.

The miſeries of him, whoſe puniſhment is inflicted by conſcience.

THOUGH Anneſly muſt have ſuffered much during the agitation of theſe proceedings, yet that was little to what he felt, when left to reflexion, in the ſolitude of his new abode. Let the virtuous remember, amidſt their afflictions, that though the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorſe.

For ſome time, the whirling of his brain gave him no leiſure to exerciſe any faculty that could be termed thinking;

when that ſort of delirium ſubſided, it left him only to make room for more exquiſite, though leſs turbulent, anguiſh.

After he had viſited every corner of reſource, and found them all dark and comfortleſs, he ſtarted at laſt from that poſture of deſpair in which he ſat, and turning the glare of his eye intently upwards:

"Take back, ſaid he, thou Power that gaveſt me being! take back that life which thou didſt breathe into me for the beſt of purpoſes, but which I have profaned by actions, equally miſchievous to thy government, and ignominious to myſelf. The paſſions which thou didſt implant in me, that reaſon which ſhould balance them, is unable to withſtand;

from one only I receive uſeful admonition; the ſhame that could not prevent, now puniſhes my crimes. Her voice for once I will obey; and leave a ſtate, in which, if I remain, I continue a blot to nature, and an enemy to man."

He drew a penknife, now his only weapon, from its ſheath—he bared his boſom for the horrid deed—when the picture of his father, which the good man had beſtowed on him at parting, and he had worn ever ſince in his boſom, ſtruck his eye—(It was drawn in the mildneſs of holy meditation, with the hands folded together, and the eyes lifted to heaven) "Merciful God!" ſaid Anneſly——he would have uttered a prayer; but his ſoul was wound up to a pitch that could but one way be let down—he flung himſelf on the ground, and burſt into an agony of tears.

The door of his apartment opening, diſcovered the jailor, followed by ſir Thomas Sindall—"My friend in this place!" ſaid he, to Anneſly,—who covered his face with his hands, and replied only by a groan.

Sindall made ſigns for the keeper of the priſon to leave them;—"Come, ſaid he, my dear Anneſly, be not ſo entirely overcome; I flatter myſelf, you know my friendſhip too well, to ſuppoſe that it will deſert you even here. I may, perhaps, have opportunities of comforting you in many ways; at leaſt I ſhall feel and pity your diſtreſſes."—"Leave me, anſwered the other, leave me; I deſerve no pity, and methinks there is a pride in refuſing it."

it."—"You muſt not ſay ſo; my love has much to plead for you; nor are you without excuſe even to the world." "Oh! Sindall, ſaid he,—I am without excuſe to myſelf! when I look back to that peace of mind, to that happineſs I have ſquandered!—I will not curſe, but—Oh! Fool, fool, fool!"—"I would not, ſaid ſir Thomas, encreaſe that anguiſh which you feel, were I not obliged to mention the name of your father." "My father! cried Anneſly; O hide me from my father!"—"Alas! replied Sindall, he muſt hear of your diſaſter from other hands; and it were cruel not to acquaint him of it in a way that ſhould wound him the leaſt."—Anneſly gazed with a look of entrancement on his picture: "Great God! ſaid he, for what haſt thou reſerved me? Sindall, do what thou wilt—think not of ſuch a wretch as I am; but mitigate, if thou canſt, the ſorrows of a father, the purity of whoſe boſom muſt bleed for the vices of mine." "Fear not, returned ſir Thomas; I hope all will be better than you imagine. It grows late, and I muſt leave you now; but promiſe me to be more compoſed for the future. I will ſee you again early to-morrow; nor will I let a moment eſcape, that can be improved to your ſervice."—"I muſt think, ſaid Anneſly, and therefore I muſt feel; but I will often remember your friendſhip, and my gratitude ſhall be ſome little merit left in me to look upon without bluſhing."

Sindall bade him farewel, and retired; and at that inſtant he was leſs a villain than he uſed to be. The ſtate of horror to which he ſaw this young man reduced, was beyond the limits of his ſcheme; and he began to look upon the victim of his deſigns, with that pity which depravity can feel, and that remorſe which it cannot overcome.

CHAP. XVII.

His father is acquainted with Anneſly's ſituation. His behaviour in conſequence of it.

THAT letter to old Anneſly, which Sindall had undertaken to write, he found a more difficult taſk than at firſt he imagined. The ſolicitude of his friendſhip might have been eaſily expreſſed on more common occaſions, and hypocriſy to him was uſually no unpleaſing garb; but at this criſis of Anneſly's fate, there were feelings he could not ſuppreſs; and he bluſhed to himſelf, amidſt the proteſtations of concern and regard, with which this account of his misfortune (as he termed it) was accompanied.

Palliated, as it was, with all the art of ſir Thomas, it may be eaſily conceived what effect it muſt have on the mind of a father; a father at this time labouring under the preſſure of diſeaſe, and confined to a ſick-bed, whoſe intervals of thought were now to be pointed to the miſery, the diſgrace, perhaps the diſgraceful death, of a darling child. His Harriet, after the firſt ſhock which the dreadful tidings had given her, ſat by him, ſtifling the terrors of her gentle ſoul, and ſpeaking comfort when her tears would let her.

His grief was aggravated, from the conſideration of being at preſent unable to attend a ſon, whoſe calamities, though of his own procuring, called ſo loudly for ſupport and aſſiſtance.

" Unworthy as your brother is, my Harriet, ſaid he, he is my ſon and your brother ſtill; and muſt he languiſh amid the horrors of a priſon, without a parent or a ſiſter to leſſen them? The prayers which I can put up from this ſick-bed are all the aid I can adminiſter to him; but your preſence might ſooth his anguiſh, and alleviate his ſufferings; with regard to this life, perhaps—Do not weep, my love—Nay, you might lead him to a reconciliation with that Being whoſe ſentence governs eternity! Would it frighten my Harriet to viſit a dungeon?" " Could I leave my deareſt father, ſaid ſhe, no place could frighten me where my poor Billy is.——" " Then you ſhall go, my child, and I ſhall be the better for thinking that you are with him: tell him, though he has wrung my heart, it has not forgotten him. That he ſhould have forgotten me, is little; let him but now remember, that there is another father, whoſe pardon is more momentous."

Harriet having therefore entruſted her father to the friendſhip of Mrs. Wiſtanly, ſet out, accompanied by a niece of that gentlewoman's, who had been on a viſit to her aunt, for the metropolis, where ſhe arrived a few days before that which was appointed for the trial of her unhappy brother.

Though it was late in the evening when they reached London, yet Harriet's impatience would not ſuffer her to ſleep till ſhe had ſeen the poor priſoner; and, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of her companion, to whom her aunt had recommended the tendereſt concern about her young friend, ſhe called a hackney-coach immediately, to convey her to the place in which Anneſly was confined; and her fellow-traveller, when her diſſuaſions to going had failed, very obligingly offered to accompany her.

They were conducted, by the turnkey, through a gloomy paſſage, to the wretched apartment which Anneſly occupied: they found him ſitting at a little table on which he leaned, with his hands covering his face. When they entered, he did not change his poſture; but on the turnkey's ſpeaking, for his ſiſter was unable to ſpeak, he ſtarted up, and exhibited a countenance pale and haggard, his eyes blood-ſhot, and his hair diſhevelled. On diſcovering his ſiſter, a bluſh croſſed his cheek, and the horror of his aſpect was loſt in ſomething milder and more piteous—"Oh! my Billy!" ſhe cried, and ſprung forward to embrace him: "This is too much, ſaid he; leave, and forget a wretch unworthy the name of thy brother." "Would my Billy kill me quite? this frightful place has almoſt killed me already! Alas! Billy, my deareſt father!" —"Oh! Harriet, that name, that name! ſpeak not of my father!" "Ah! ſaid ſhe, if you knew his goodneſs; he ſent me to comfort and ſupport my brother; he ſent me from himſelf, ſtretched on a ſick-bed, where his Harriet ſhould have tended him."—"Oh! curſed, curſed!"—"Nay, do not curſe, my Billy, he ſends you none; his prayers, his bleſſings riſe for you to heaven; his forgiveneſs he bade me convey you, and tell you to ſeek that of the father of all goodneſs!"—His ſiſter's hands were claſped in his; he lifted both together: "If thou canſt hear me, ſaid he,—I dare not pray for myſelf; but ſpare a father whom my crimes have made miſerable; let me abide the wrath I have deſerved, but weigh not down his age for my offences; puniſh it not with the remembrance of me!" He fell on his ſiſter's neck, and they mingled their tears; nor could the young lady who attended Harriet, or even the jailor himſelf, help accompanying them; this laſt, however, recovered himſelf rather ſooner than the other, and reminded them that it was late, and that he muſt lock up for the night.—"Good night then, my Harriet," ſaid Anneſly. "And muſt we ſeparate? anſwered his ſiſter; could I not ſit and ſupport that diſtracted head, and cloſe thoſe haggard eyes?" "Let me entreat you, returned her brother, to leave me, and compoſe yourſelf after the fatigues of your journey, and the perturbation of your mind. I feel myſelf comforted and refreſhed by the ſight of my Harriet: I will try to ſleep myſelf, which I have not done theſe four gloomy nights, unleſs, perhaps for a few moments, when the torture of my dreams made waking a deliverance. Good night, my deareſt Harriet." She could not ſay, good night; but ſhe wept it.

CHAP. XVIII.

His ſiſter pays him another viſit. A deſcription of what paſſed in the priſon.

IT was late before Harriet could think even of going to bed, and later before her mind could be quieted enough to allow her any ſleep. But nature was at laſt worn out; and the fatigue of her journey, together with the conflict of her ſoul in the viſit ſhe had juſt made, had ſo exhauſted her, that it was towards noon next day before ſhe awaked. After having chid herſelf for her neglect, ſhe hurried away to her much-loved brother, whom ſhe found attended by that baronet, to whoſe good offices I have had ſo frequent occaſion to ſhow him endebted in the courſe of my ſtory.

At ſight of him, her cheek was fluſhed with the mingled glow of ſhame for her brother, and gratitude towards his benefactor. He advanced to ſalute her; when, with the tears ſtarting into her eyes, ſhe fell on her knees before him, and poured forth a prayer of bleſſings on his head. There could not perhaps be a figure more lovely, or more ſtriking, than that which ſhe then exhibited. The luſtre of her eyes, heightened by thoſe tears with which the overflowing of her heart ſupplied them; the glow of her complexion, animated with the ſuffuſion of tenderneſs and gratitude; theſe, joined to the eaſy negligence of her dark-brown locks, that waved in ringlets on her panting boſom, made altogether ſuch an aſſemblage as beauty is a word too weak for. So forcibly indeed was Sindall ſtruck with it, that ſome little time paſt before he thought of lifting her from the ground; he looked indeed his very ſoul at every glance; but it was a ſoul unworthy of the object on which he gazed, brutal, unfeeling and inhuman; he conſidered her, at that moment, as already within the reach of his machinations, and feaſted the groſſneſs of his fancy with the anticipation of her undoing.

And here let me pauſe a little, to conſider that account of pleaſure which the votaries of voluptuouſneſs have frequently ſtated. I allow for all the delight which Sindall could experience for the preſent, or hope to experience in the future. I conſider it abſtracted from its conſequences, and I will venture to affirm, that there is a truer, a more exquiſite voluptuary than he.—Had virtue been now looking on the figure of beauty, and of innocence, I have attempted to draw.—I ſee the purpoſe of benevolence beaming in his eye!—Its throb is ſwelling in his heart!—He claſps her to his boſom;—he kiſſes the falling drops from her cheek;—he weeps with her;—and the luxury of his tears!—baffles deſcription.

But whatever were ſir Thomas's ſenſations at the ſight of Harriet, they were interrupted by the jailor, who now entered the room, and informed him that a gentleman without was earneſt to ſpeak with him. "Who can it be?" ſaid ſir Thomas, ſomewhat peeviſhly.—'If I am not miſtaken, replied the jailor, it is a gentleman of the name of Camplin, a lawyer, whom I have ſeen here with ſome of the priſoners before.'—"This is he of whom I talked to you, my dear Anneſly, ſaid the baronet; let me introduce him to you."—'I have taken my reſolution, returned Anneſly, and ſhall have no need of lawyers for my defence.'—"It muſt not be," rejoined the other; and going out of the room, he preſently returned with Mr. Camplin. All this while Harriet's looks betrayed the ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of terror and perplexity; and when the ſtranger appeared, ſhe drew nearer and nearer to her brother, with an involuntary ſort of motion, till ſhe had twined his arm into hers, and placed herſelf between him and Camplin. This laſt obſerved her tears; for indeed ſhe bent her eyes moſt fixedly upon him, and making her a bow, "Be not afraid, miſs, ſaid he, here are none but friends; I learn, ſir, that your day is now very near, and that it is time to be thinking of the buſineſs of it." Good heavens! cried Harriet, what day? "Make yourſelf eaſy, madam, continued Camplin, being the firſt trip, I hope he may fall ſoft for this time; I believe no body doubts my abilities: I have ſaved many a brave man from the gallows, whoſe caſe was more deſperate than I take this young gentleman's to be."—The colour, which had been varying on her cheek during this ſpeech, now left it for a dead pale; and turning her languid eyes upon her brother, ſhe fell motionleſs into his arms. He ſupported her to a chair that ſtood near him, and darting an indignant look at the lawyer, begged of the jailor to procure her ſome immediate aſſiſtance. Sindall, who was kneeling on the other ſide of her, ordered Camplin, who was advancing to make offer of his ſervices too, to be gone, and ſend them the firſt ſurgeon he could find. A ſurgeon indeed had been already procured, who officiated in the priſon, for the beſt of all reaſons, becauſe he was not at liberty to leave it. The jailor now made his appearance, with a bottle of wine in one hand, and ſome water in the other; followed by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, who ſtriding up to Harriet, applied a ſmall vial of volatile ſalt to her noſe, and chafing her temples, ſoon brought her to ſenſe and life again. Anneſly preſſing her to his boſom, begged her to recollect herſelf and forget her tears. "Pardon this weakneſs, my dear Billy, ſaid ſhe, I will try to overcome it; is that horrid man gone? who is this gentleman?" "I have the honour to be a doctor of phyſic, madam, ſaid he, clapping at the ſame time his greaſy fingers to her pulſe. Here is a fulneſs that calls for veneſection." So without loſs of time he pulled out a caſe of lancets covered with ruſt, and ſpotted with the blood of former patients. "Oh! for heaven's ſake, no bleeding, cried Harriet, indeed there is no occaſion for it." "How, no occaſion! exclaimed the other; I have heard indeed ſome ignorants condemn phlebotomy in ſuch caſes; but it is my practice, and I am very well able to defend it.—It will be allowed that in plethoric habits"—'Spare your demonſtration, interrupted Anneſly, and think of your patient.' "You ſhall not blood me, ſaid ſhe; you ſhall not indeed, ſir!"

"Nay, madam, ſaid he, as you pleaſe; you are to know that the operation itſelf is no part of my profeſſion; it is only "propter neceſſitatem," for want of chirurgical practitioners, that I ſometimes condeſcend to it in this place." Sir Thomas gave him a hint to leave them, and at the ſame time ſlipped a guinea into his hand. He immediately retired, looking at the unuſual appearance of the gold with ſo much tranſport, that he might poſſibly have as much occaſion for bleeding at that moment, as the patient for whom he had juſt preſcribed it.

Anneſly, aſſiſted by his friend, uſed every poſſible argument to comfort and ſupport his ſiſter. His concern for her had indeed baniſhed for a while the conſideration of his own ſtate; and when he came to think of that ſolemn day, on which the trial for his life was appointed, his concern was more intereſted for its effect on his Harriet, than for that it ſhould have on himſelf.

After they had paſſed great part of the day together, ſir Thomas obſerved, that Miſs Anneſly's preſent lodgings (in the houſe of her fellow-traveller's father) were ſo diſtant, as to occaſion much inconvenience to her in her viſits to her brother; an dvery kindly made offer of endeavouring to procure her others but a few ſtreets off, under the roof of a gentlewoman, he ſaid, an officer's widow of his acquaintance, who, if ſhe had any apartment unoccupied at the time, he knew would be as attentive to Miſs Anneſly as if ſhe were a daughter of her own.

This propoſal was readily accepted, and ſir Thomas having gone upon the enquiry, returned in the evening with an account of his having ſucceeded in procuring the lodgings; that he had taken the liberty to call and fetch Miſs Anneſly's baggage from thoſe ſhe had formerly occupied, and that every thing was ready at Mrs. Eldridge's (that was the widow's name) for her reception. After ſupper he conducted her thither accordingly.

As he was going out, Anneſly whiſpered him to return for a few minutes after he had ſet down his ſiſter, as he had ſomething particular to communicate to him. When he came back, "You have heard, I fancy, ſir Thomas, ſaid he, that the next day but one is the day of my trial. As to myſelf, I wait it with reſignation, and ſhall not give any trouble to my country by a falſe defence; but I tremble for my ſiſter's knowing it. Could we not contrive ſome method of keeping her in ignorance of its appointment till it be over, and then prepare her for the event without ſubjecting her to the tortures of anxiety and ſuſpence?" Sindall agreed in the propriety of the latter part of his ſcheme, and they reſolved to keep his ſiſter that day at home, on pretence of a meeting in the priſon between the lawyers of Anneſly, and thoſe of his proſecutor. But he warmly inſiſted, that Anneſly ſhould accept the ſervices of Camplin towards conducting the cauſe on his part. "Endeavour not to perſuade me, my friend, ſaid Anneſly; for I now reſt ſatisfied with my determination. I thank heaven which has enabled me to rely on its goodneſs, and meet my fate with the full poſſeſſion of myſelf. I will not diſdain the mercy which my country may think I merit; but I will not entangle myſelf in chicane and inſincerity to avoid her juſtice."

CHAP. XIX.

The fate of Anneſly determined.—Sindall's friendſhip, and the gratitude of Harriet.

NOthing remarkable happened till that day when the fate of Anneſly was to be determined by the laws of his country. The project formed by Sindall and himſelf, for keeping his ſiſter ignorant of its importance, ſucceeded to their wiſh; ſhe ſpent it at home, comforting herſelf with the hope, that the meeting ſhe underſtood to be held on it, might turn out advantageouſly for her brother, and ſooth'd by the kindneſs of her landlady, who had indeed fully anſwered ſir Thomas's expectations in the attention ſhe had ſhown her.

Meanwhile her unfortunate brother was brought to the bar, indicted for the robbery committed on the gameſter. When he was aſked, in the cuſtomary manner, to plead, he ſtood up, and addreſſing himſelf to the judge.

" I am now, my lord, ſaid he, in a ſituation of all others the moſt ſolemn. I ſtand in the preſence of God and my country, and I am called to confeſs or deny that crime for which I have incurred the judgment of both. If I have offended, my lord, I am not yet an obdurate offender; I fly not to the ſubterfuge of villany, though I have fallen from the dignity of innocence; and I will not ſcreen a life which my crimes have diſgraced, by a coward lie to prevent their detection. I plead guilty, my lord, and await the judgment of that law, which though I have violated, I have not forgotten to revere."

When he ended, a confuſed murmur ran through the court, and for ſome time ſtopt the judge in his reply. Silence obtained, that upright magiſtrate, worthy the tribunal of England, ſpoke to this effect:

"I am ſincerely ſorry, young gentleman, to ſee one of your figure at this bar, charged with a crime for which the public ſafety has been obliged to award an exemplary puniſhment. Much as I admire the heroiſm of your confeſſion, I will not ſuffer advantage to be taken of it to your prejudice; reflect on the conſequences of a plea of guilt, which takes from you all opportunity of a legal defence, and ſpeak again, as your own diſcretion, or your friends, may beſt adviſe you." "I humbly thank your lordſhip, ſaid Anneſly, for the candour and indulgence which you ſhow me; but I have ſpoken the truth, and will not allow myſelf to think of retracting it." "I am here, returned his lordſhip, as the diſpenſer of juſtice, and I have nothing but juſtice to give; the province of mercy is in other hands; if, upon enquiry, the caſe is circumſtanced as I wiſh it to be, my recommendation ſhall not be wanting to enforce an application there." Anneſly was then convicted of the robbery, and the ſentence of the law paſſed upon him.

But the judge, before whom he was tried, was not unmindful of his promiſe;

and having ſatisfied himſelf, that, though guilty in this inſtance, he was not habitually flagitious, he aſſiſted ſo warmly the applications which through the intereſt of Sindall (for Sindall was in this ſincere) were made in his behalf, that a pardon was obtained for him, on the condition of his ſuffering tranſportation for the term of fourteen years.

This alleviation of his puniſhment was procured, before his ſiſter was ſuffered to know that his trial had ever come on, or what had been its event. When his fate was by this means determined, Sindall undertook to inſtruct the lady in whoſe houſe he had placed her, that Miſs Anneſly ſhould be acquainted with the circumſtances of it in ſuch a manner, as might leaſt diſcompoſe that delicacy and tenderneſs of which her mind was ſo ſuſceptible. The event anſwered his expectation; that good woman ſeemed poſſeſſed of as much addreſs as humanity; and Harriet, by the intervention of both, was led to the knowlege of her brother's ſituation with ſo much prudence, that ſhe bore it at firſt with reſignation, and afterwards looked upon it with thankfulneſs.

After that acknowlegement to providence which ſhe had been early inſtructed never to forget, there was an inferior agent in this affair to whom her warmeſt gratitude was devoted. Beſides that herſelf had the higheſt opinion of Sindall's good offices, her obliging landlady had taken every opportunity, ſince their acquaintance began, to trumpet forth his praiſes in the moſt extravagant ſtrain;

and, on the preſent occaſion, her encomiums were loud in proportion as Harriet's happineſs was concerned in the event.

Sir Thomas therefore began to be conſidered by the young lady as the worthieſt of friends; his own language bore the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of friendſhip; of friendſhip and no more; but the widow would often inſinuate that he felt more than he expreſſed; and when Harriet's ſpirits could bear a little rallery, her landlady did not want for jokes on the ſubject.

Theſe ſuggeſtions of another have a greater effect than is often imagined; they are heard with an eaſe which does not alarm, and the mind habituates itſelf to take up ſuch a credit on their truth as it would be ſorry to loſe, though it is not at the trouble of examining. Harriet did not ſeriouſly think of Sindall as of one that was her lover; but ſhe began to make ſuch arrangements as not to be ſurprized if he ſhould.

One morning when ſir Thomas had called, to conduct her on a viſit to her brother, Mrs. Eldridge rallied him at breakfaſt on his being ſtill a batchelor. "What is your opinion, Miſs Anneſly, ſaid ſhe; is it not a ſhame for one of ſir Thomas's fortune not to make ſome worthy woman happy in the participation of it?" Sindall ſubmitted to be judged by ſo fair an arbitreſs; he ſaid "the manners of the court-ladies, whoſe example had ſtretched unhappily too far, were ſuch, as made it a ſort of venture to be married;" he then pauſed for a moment, ſigh'd, and, fixing his eyes upon Harriet, drew ſuch a picture of the woman whom he would chuſe for a wife, that ſhe muſt have had ſome ſillier quality than mere modeſty about her, not to have made ſome gueſs at what he meant.

In ſhort, though ſhe was as little wanting in delicacy as moſt women, ſhe began to feel a certain intereſt in the good opinion of Sindall, and to draw ſome concluſions from his deportment, which, for the ſake of my fair readers, I would have them remember, are better to be ſlowly underſtood than haſtily indulged.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

An accident, which may poſſibly be imagined ſomewhat more than accidental.

THOUGH the thoughts of Anneſly's future ſituation could not but be diſtreſsful to his ſiſter and him, yet the deliverance from greater evils which they had experienced, ſerved to enlighten the proſpect of thoſe they feared. His father, whoſe conſolation always attended the calamity he could neither prevent nor cure, exhorted his ſon (in an anſwer to the account his ſiſter and he had tranſmitted him of the events contained in the preceding chapter) to have a proper ſenſe of the mercy of his God and his king, and to bear what was a mitigation of his puniſhment, with a fortitude and reſignation becoming the ſubject of both. The ſame letter informed his children, that though he was not well enough recovered to be able to travel, yet he was gaining ground on his diſtemper, and hoped, as the ſeaſon advanced, to get the better of it altogether. He ſent that bleſſing to his ſon which he was prevented from beſtowing perſonally, with a credit for any ſum which he might have occaſion for againſt his approaching departure.

His children received additional comfort from the good accounts of their father, which this letter contained; and even in Anneſly's priſon, there were ſome intervals in which they forgot the fears of parting, and indulged themſelves in temporary happineſs.

It was during one of theſe, that Sindall obſerved to Harriet, how little ſhe poſſeſſed the curioſity her ſex was charged with, who had never once thought of ſeeing any thing in London that ſtrangers were moſt ſolicitous to ſee; and propoſed that very night to conduct her to the playhouſe, where the royal family were to be preſent, at the repreſentation of a new comedy.

Harriet turned a melancholy look towards her brother, and made anſwer, that ſhe could not think of any amuſement that ſhould ſubject him to hours of ſolitude in a priſon.

Upon this, Anneſly was earneſt in preſſing her to accept ſir Thomas's invitation; he ſaid ſhe knew how often he choſe to be alone, at times when he could moſt command ſociety; and that he ſhould find an additional pleaſure in theirs, when they returned to him, fraught with the intelligence of the play.

"But there is ſomething unbecoming in it, ſaid Harriet, in the eyes of others."

"As to that objection, replied Sindall, it will be eaſily removed; we ſhall go accompanied by Mrs. Eldridge to the gallery, where people who have even many acquaintances in town, are dreſſed ſo much in the incognito-way, as never to be diſcovered."

Anneſly repeated his entreaties, Mrs. Eldridge ſeconded, Sindall enforced them; and all three urged ſo many arguments, that Harriet was at laſt overcome, and to the play they accordingly went.

Though this was the firſt entertainment of the ſort, at which Harriet had ever been preſent, yet the thoughts of her abſent brother, in whoſe company all her former amuſements had been enjoyed, ſo much damped the pleaſure ſhe ſhould have felt from this, that as ſoon as the play was over, ſhe begged of her conductor to return, much againſt the deſire of Mrs. Eldridge, who entreated them to indulge her by ſtaying the farce. But Harriet ſeemed ſo uneaſy at the thoughts of a longer abſence from her brother, that the other's ſolicitations were at laſt overruled;

and making ſhift to get through the croud, they left the houſe, and ſet out in a hackney-coach on their return.

They had got the length of two or three ſtreets on their way, when the coachman, who indeed had the appearance of being exceedingly drunk, drove them againſt a poſt, by which accident one of the wheels was broken to pieces, and the carriage itſelf immediately overturned. Sindall had, luckily, put down the glaſs on that ſide but a moment before, to look at ſomething, ſo that they eſcaped any miſchief which might have enſued from the breaking of it; and, except the ladies being extremely frightened, no bad conſequences followed. This diſaſter happened juſt at the door of a tavern, the miſtreſs of which ſeeing the diſcompoſure of the ladies, very politely begged them to ſtep into her own room, till they could readjuſt themſelves, and procure another coach from a neighbouring ſtand, for which ſhe promiſed immediately to diſpatch one of her ſervants. All this while ſir Thomas was venting his wrath againſt the coachman, continuing to cane him moſt unmercifully, till ſtopt by the interceſſion of Harriet and Mrs. Eldridge, and prevailed upon to accompany them into the houſe at the obliging requeſt of its miſtreſs. He aſked pardon for giving way to his paſſion, which apprehenſion for their ſafety, he ſaid, had occaſioned, and taking Harriet's hand with a look of the utmoſt tenderneſs, enquired if ſhe felt no hurt from the fall; upon her anſwering, that except the fright, ſhe was perfectly well; "then all is well," ſaid he, preſſing her hand to his boſom, which roſe to meet it with a ſigh.

He then called for a bottle of Madeira, of which his companions drank each a glaſs; but upon his preſenting another, Mrs. Eldridge declared ſhe never taſted any thing between meals, and Harriet ſaid that her head was already affected by the glaſs ſhe had taken: this however he attributed to the effects of the overturn, for which another bumper was an infallible remedy; and, on Mrs. Eldridge's ſetting the example, though with the utmoſt reluctance, Harriet was prevailed upon to follow it.

She was ſeated on a ſettee at the upper end of the room, Sindall ſat on a chair by her, and Mrs. Eldridge, from choice, was walking about the room; it ſomehow happened that, in a few minutes, the laſt-mentioned lady left her companions by themſelves.

Sindall, whoſe eyes had not been idle before, caſt them now to the ground with a look of the moſt feeling diſcompoſure; and gently lifting them again, "I know not, ſaid he, moſt lovely of women, whether I ſhould venture to expreſs the ſenſations of my heart at this moment; that reſpect which ever attends a love ſo ſincere as mine, has hitherto kept me ſilent; but the late accident, in which all that I hold dear was endangered, has opened every ſluice of tenderneſs in my ſoul, and I were more or leſs than man, did I reſiſt the impulſe of declaring it." "This is no place, ſir,"—ſaid Harriet, trembling and covered with bluſhes.—" Every place, cried Sindall, is ſacred to love, where my Harriet is." At the ſame time he threw himſelf on his knees before her, and imprinted a thouſand burning kiſſes on her hand. " Let go my hand, ſir Thomas," ſhe cried, her voice faltering and her cheek overſpread with a ſtill higher glow: " Never, thou cruel one, ſaid he, (raiſing himſelf gently till he had gained a place on the ſettee by her ſide) never, till you liſten to the dictates of a paſſion too violent to be longer reſiſted."—-At that inſtant ſome buſtle was heard at the door, and preſently after a voice in a country-accent, vociferating " It is my neighbour's own daughter, and I muſt ſee her immediately."—The door burſt open, and diſcovered Jack Ryland, Mrs. Eldridge following him, with a countenance not the moſt expreſſive of good-humour.

Ryland! exclaimed the baronet, what is the meaning of this? advancing towards him with an air of fierceneſs and indignation, which the other returned with a hearty ſhake by the hand, ſaying he was rejoiced to find Miſs Harriet in ſo good company.—" Dear Mr. Ryland, ſaid ſhe, a little confuſedly, I am happy to ſee you; but it is odd—I cannot conceive—tell us, as ſir Thomas was juſt now aſking, how you came to find us out here."

" Why, you muſt underſtand, miſs, returned Jack, that I have got a little bit of a legacy left me by a relation here in London; as I was coming up on that buſineſs, I thought I could do no leſs than aſk your worthy father's commands for you and Mr. William. So we ſettled matters, that, as our times, I believe, will agree well enough, I ſhould have the pleaſure, if you are not otherwiſe engaged, of conducting you home again. I came to town only this day, and after having eat a mutton-chop at the inn where I lighted, and got myſelf into a little decent trim; I ſet out from a place they call Piccadilly, I think, aſking every body I met which was the ſhorteſt way to Newgate, where I underſtood your brother was to be found. But I was like to make a marvellous long journey on't; for beſides that it is a huge long way, as I was told, I hardly met with one perſon that would give a mannerly anſwer to my queſtions; to be ſure they are the moſt humourſome people, here in London, that ever I ſaw in my life; when I aſked the road to Newgate, one told me, I was not likely to be long in finding it; another bade me cut the firſt throat I met and it would ſhow me; and a deal of ſuch out-of-the-way-jokes. At laſt, while I was looking round for ſome civil-like body to enquire of, who ſhould I ſee whip paſt me in a coach but yourſelf with that lady as I take it; upon which I hollowed out to the coachman to ſtop, but he did not hear me, as I ſuppoſe, and drove on as hard as ever; I followed him cloſe at the heels for ſome time, till the ſtreet he turned into being much darker than where I ſaw you firſt, by reaſon there were none of your torches blazing there, I fell headlong into a rut in the middle of it, and loſt ſight of the carriage before I could recover myſelf: however, I ran down a right-hand road, which I gueſſed you had taken, aſking any body I thought would give me an anſwer, if they had ſeen a coach with a handſome young woman in't, drawn by a pair of dark bays; but I was only laught at for my pains, till I fell in by chance with a ſimple country-man like myſelf, who informed me, that he had ſeen ſuch a one overturned juſt before this-here large houſe; and the door being open, I ſtept in without more ado, till I happened to hear this lady whiſpering ſomething to another about ſir Thomas Sindall, when I gueſſed that you might be with him, as acquaintances will find one another out, you know; and ſo here I am, at your ſervice and ſir Thomas's."

This hiſtory afforded as little entertainment to its hearers as it may have done to the greateſt part of my readers; but it gave ſir Thomas and Harriet time enough to recover from that confuſion, into which the appearance of Ryland had thrown both of them, though with this difference, that Harriet's was free from the guilt of Sindall's, and did not even proceed from the leaſt ſuſpicion of any thing criminal in the intentions of that gentleman.

Sir Thomas pretended great ſatisfaction in having met with his acquaintance Mr. Ryland, and, having obtained another hackney-coach, they drove together to Newgate, where Jack received a much ſincerer welcome from Anneſly, and they paſſed the evening with the greateſt ſatiſfaction.

Not but that there moved ſomething unuſual in the boſom of Harriet, from the declaration of her lover, and in his, from the attempt which Providence had interpoſed to diſappoint; he conſoled himſelf, however, with the reflexion, that he had not gone ſuch a length as to alarm her ſimplicity, and took from the mortification of the paſt, by the hope of more ſucceſsful villany.

CHAP. XXI.

An account of Anneſly's departure.

IT was not long before the time arrived in which Anneſly was to bid adieu to his native country for the term which the mercy of his ſovereign had allotted for his puniſhment. He behaved, at this juncture, with a determined ſort of coolneſs, not eaſily expected from one of his warmth of feelings, at a time of life when theſe are in their fulleſt vigour. His ſiſter, whoſe gentle heart began to droop under the thoughts of their ſeparation, he employed every argument to comfort. He bade her remember that it had been determined he ſhould be abſent for ſome years, before this neceſſity of his abſence had arifen.

ariſen. “ Suppoſe me on my travels, ſaid he, my Harriet, but for a longer term, and the ſum of this calamity is exhauſted; if there are hardſhips awaiting me, think how I ſhould otherwiſe expiate my follies and my crimes: the puniſhments of heaven, our father has often told us, are mercies to its children; mine, I hope, will have a double effect; to wipe away my former offences, and prevent my offending for the future.”

He was actuated by the ſame ſteadineſs of ſpirit, in the diſpoſal of what money his father's credit enabled him to command. He called in an exact account of his debts, thoſe to Sindall not excepted, and diſcharged them in full, much againſt the inclination of ſir Thomas, who inſiſted, as much as in decency he could, on cancelling every obligation of that ſort to himſelf. But Anneſly was poſitive in his reſolution; and after having cleared theſe encumbrances, he embarked with only a few ſhillings in his pocket, ſaying, that he would never pinch his father's age, to mitigate the puniſhment which his ſon had more than deſerved.

There was another account to ſettle, which he found a more difficult taſk. The parting with his ſiſter, he knew not how to accompliſh, without ſuch a pang as her tender frame could very ill ſupport. At length he reſolved, to take at leaſt from its ſolemnity, if he could not alleviate its anguiſh. Having ſat, therefore, with Harriet till paſt midnight, on the eve of his departure, which he employed in renewing his arguments of conſolation, and earneſtly recommending to her to keep up thoſe ſpirits which ſhould ſupport her father and herſelf, he pretended a deſire to ſleep, appointed an hour for breakfaſting with her in the morning; and ſo ſoon as he could prevail on her to leave him, he went on board the boat, which waited to carry him, and ſome unfortunate companions of his voyage, to the ſhip deſtined to tranſport them.

Sir Thomas accompanied him a little way down the river, till, at the earneſt deſire of his friend, he was carried aſhore in a ſculler, which they happened to meet on their way. When they parted, Anneſly wrung his hand, and dropping a tear on it, which hitherto he had never allowed himſelf to ſhed, "To my faithful Sindall, ſaid he, I leave a truſt more precious to this boſom than every other earthly good. Be the friend of my father, as you have been that of his undeſerving ſon, and protect my Harriet's youth, who has loſt that protection a brother ſhould have afforded her. If the prayers of a wretched exile in a foreign land can be heard of heaven, the name of his friend ſhall riſe with thoſe of a parent and a ſiſter in his hourly benedictions; and if at any time you ſhall beſtow a thought upon him, remember the only comfort of which adverſity has not deprived him, the confidence of his Sindall's kindneſs to thoſe whom he has left weeping behind him."

Such was the charge which Anneſly gave and Sindall received; he received it with a tear; a tear, which the better part of his nature had yet reſerved from the ruins of principle, of juſtice, of humanity. It fell involuntarily at the time, and he thought of it afterwards with a bluſh—Such was the ſyſtem of ſelf-applauſe which the refinements of vice had taught him, and ſuch is the honour ſhe has reared for the worſhip of her votaries!

Anneſly kept his eyes fixed on the lights of London, till the encreaſing diſtance deprived them of their object. Nor did his imagination fail him in the picture, after that help was taken from her. The form of the weeping Harriet, lovely in her grief, ſtill ſwam before his ſight; on the back-ground ſtood a venerable figure, turning his eyes to heaven, while a tear that ſwelled in each dropped for the ſacrifice of his ſorrow, and a bending angel accepted it as incenſe.

Thus, by a ſeries of diſſipation, ſo eaſy in its progreſs, that, if my tale were fiction, it would be thought too ſimple, was this unfortunate young man loſt to himſelf, his friends, and his country. Take but a few incidents away, and it is the hiſtory of thouſands. Let not thoſe, who have eſcaped the puniſhment of Anneſly, look with indifference on the participation of his guilt, nor ſuffer the preſent undiſturbed enjoyment of their criminal pleaſures, to blot from their minds the idea of future retribution.

CHAP. XXII.

Harriet is informed of her Brother's departure. She leaves London on her return home.

SINDALL took upon himſelf the charge of communicating the intelligence of Anneſly's departure to his ſiſter. She received it with an entrancement of ſorrow, which deprived her of its expreſſion; and when at laſt her tears found their way to utter it, "Is he gone! ſaid ſhe, and ſhall I never ſee him more? cruel Billy! Oh! ſir Thomas, I had a thouſand things to ſay! and has he left me without a ſingle adieu?"—'It was in kindneſs to you, Miſs Anneſly, anſwered the baronet, that he did ſo.'—"I believe you, ſaid ſhe, I know it was; and yet, methinks, he ſhould have bid me farewel —I could have ſtood it, indeed I could—I am not ſo weak as you think me; yet Heaven knows I have need of ſtrength"; —and ſhe burſt into tears again.

Sir Thomas did not want for expreſſions of comfort or of kindneſs, nor did he fail, amidſt the aſſurances of his friendſhip, to ſuggeſt thoſe tenderer ſenſations which his boſom felt on account of Miſs Anneſly. She gave him a warmth of gratitude in return, which, though vice may ſometimes take advantage of it, virtue can never blame.

His proteſtations were interrupted by the arrival of Ryland, who had accidentally heard of Anneſly's embarkment. Jack had but few words to communicate his feelings by; but his eyes helped them out with an honeſt tear. "Your brother, I hear, is gone, Miſs Harriet, ſaid he; well, Heaven bleſs him wherever he goes!"

Harriet begg'd to know when it would ſuit his convenience to leave London, ſaying, that every day ſhe ſtayed there now, would reproach her abſence from her father. Jack made anſwer, that he could be ready to attend her at an hour's warning; for that his buſineſs in London was finiſhed, and as for pleaſure he could find none in it. It was agreed therefore, contrary to the zealous advice of ſir Thomas and Mrs. Eldridge, that Harriet ſhould ſet off, accompanied by Mr. Ryland, the very next morning.

Their reſolution was accompliſhed, and they ſet out by the break of day. Sindall accompanied them on horſeback ſeveral ſtages, and they dined together about forty miles from London. Here having ſettled their rout according to a plan of ſir Thomas's, who ſeemed to be perfectly verſant in the geography of the country, through which they were to paſs, he was prevailed on, by the earneſt entreaty of Harriet, to return to London, and leave her to perform the reſt of the journey under the protection of Mr. Ryland.

On their leaving the inn at which they dined, there occurred an incident, of which, though the reader may have obſerved me not apt to dwell on trifling circumſtances, I cannot help taken notice.

While they were at dinner, they were frequently diſturbed by the boiſterous mirth of a company in the room immediately adjoining. This, one of the waiters informed them, proceeded from a gentleman, who, he believed, was travelling from London down into the country, and, having no companion, had aſſociated with the landlord over a bottle of claret, which, according to the waiter's account, his honour had made ſo free with, as to be in a merrier, or, as that word may generally be tranſlated, a more noiſe-making mood than uſual. As Sindall was handing Harriet into the poſt-chaiſe, they obſerved a gentleman, whom they concluded to be the ſame whoſe voice they had ſo often heard at dinner, ſtanding in the paſſage that led to the door. When the lady paſſed him, he trod, either accidentally or on purpoſe, on the ſkirt of her gown behind; and as ſhe turned about to get rid of the ſtop, having now got ſight of her face, he exclaimed, with an oath, that ſhe was an angel; and, ſeizing the hand with which ſhe was diſengaging her gown, preſſed it to his lips in ſo rude a manner, that even his drunkenneſs could not excuſe it. At leaſt it could not to Sindall; who ſtepping between him and Miſs Anneſly, laid hold of his collar, and ſhaking him violently, aſked him how he dared to affront the lady; and inſiſted on his aſking her pardon immediately. "Dammee," ſaid he, hiccupping, "not on compulſion, dammee, for you nor any man, dammee." The landlord and Mr. Ryland now interpoſed, and with the aſſiſtance of Harriet, pacified ſir Thomas, from the conſideration of the gentleman's being in a temporary ſtate of inſanity; Sindall accordingly let go his hold, and went on with Harriet to the chaiſe, while the other, readjuſting his neck-cloth, ſwore that he would have another peep at the girl notwithſtanding.

When Harriet was ſeated in the chaiſe, Sindall took notice of the flutter into which this accident had thrown her; ſhe confeſſed that ſhe had been a good deal alarmed, leſt there ſhould have been a quarrel on her account, and begged ſir Thomas, if he had any regard for her eaſe of mind, to think no more of any vengeance againſt the other gentleman. "Fear not, my adorable Harriet, whiſpered ſir Thomas; if I thought there were one kind remembrance of Sindall in that heavenly boſom —— the chaiſe drove on —— ſhe bluſhed a reply to this unfiniſhed ſpeech, and bowed, ſmiling, to its author.

CHAP. XXIII.

A very daring attempt is made upon Harriet. She is reſcued by Sindall. The conſequences.

NOTHING farther happened worthy of recording, till towards the cloſe of that journey which ſir Thomas's direction had marked out for their firſt day's progreſs. Ryland had before obſerved that ſir Thomas's ſhort roads had turned out very ſorry ones; and when it began to be dark, Harriet's fears made her take notice, that they had got upon a large common, where, for a great way round, there was not a houſe to be ſeen. Nor was ſhe at all relieved by the information of the poſt-boy, who, upon being interrogated by Ryland as to the ſafety of the road, anſwered, "To be ſure, maſter, I've known ſome highwaymen frequent this common, and there ſtands a gibbet hard by, where two of them have hung theſe three years." He had ſcarcely uttered this ſpeech, when the noiſe of horſemen was heard behind them, at which Miſs Anneſly's heart began to palpitate, nor was her companion's free from unuſual agitation. He aſked the poſt-boy, in a low voice, if he knew the riders who were coming up behind; the boy anſwered in the negative, but that he needed not be afraid, as he obſerved a carriage along with them.

The firſt of the horſemen now paſſed the chaiſe in which Ryland and Harriet were, and at the diſtance of a few yards they croſſed the road, and made a halt on the other ſide of it. Harriet's fears were now too much alarmed to be quieted by the late aſſurance of the poſt-boy: ſhe was not, indeed, long ſuffered to remain in a ſtate of ſuſpence; one of thoſe objects of her terror called to the driver to ſtop, which the lad had no ſooner complied with, than he rode up to the ſide of the carriage where the lady was ſeated, and told her, in a tone rather peremptory than threatening, that ſhe muſt allow that gentleman (meaning Ryland) to accept of a ſeat in another carriage, which was juſt behind, and do him and his friends the honour of taking one of them for her companion. He received no anſwer to this demand, ſhe to whom it was made having fainted into the arms of her terrified fellow-traveller. In this ſtate of inſenſibility,

bility, Ryland was forced, by the inhuman ruffian and his aſſociates, to leave her, and enter a chaiſe which now drew up to receive him; and one of the gang, whoſe appearance beſpoke ſomething of a higher rank than the reſt, ſeated himſelf by her, and was very aſſiduous in uſing proper means for her recovery. When that was effected, he begged her, in terms of great politeneſs, not to make herſelf in the leaſt uneaſy, for that no harm was intended.——"Oh heavens! ſhe cried, where am I? What would you have? Whither would you carry me? Where is Mr. Ryland?" 'If you mean the gentleman in whoſe company you were, madam, you may be aſſured, that nothing ill ſhall happen to him any more than to yourſelf.'—"Nothing ill, ſaid ſhe, merciful God! What do you intend to do with me?" ' I would not do you a miſchief for the world, anſwered he; and if you will be patient for a little time, you ſhall be ſatisfied that you are in danger of none.'—All this while they forced the poſt-boy to drive on full ſpeed; and there was light enough for Harriet to diſcover, that the road they took had ſo little the appearance of a frequented one, that there was but a very ſmall chance of her meeting with any relief. In a ſhort time after, however, when the moon ſhining out made it lighter, ſhe found they were obliged to ſlacken their pace, from being met, in a narrow part of the road, by ſome perſons on horſeback. The thoughts of relief recruited a little her exhauſted ſpirits; and having got down the front-glaſs, ſhe called out as loud as ſhe was able, begging their aſſiſtance to reſcue a miſerable creature from ruffians. One who attended the carriage by way of guard, exclaimed that it was only a poor wretch out of her ſenſes, whom her friends were conveying to a place of ſecurity: but Harriet, notwithſtanding ſome endeavours of the man in the chaiſe to prevent her, cried out with greater vehemence than before, entreating them, for God's ſake, to pity and relieve her. By this time one, who had been formerly behind, came up to the front of the party they had met, and overhearing this laſt ſpeech of Harriet's—"Good God! ſaid he, can it be Miſs Anneſly?" Upon this her companion in the carriage, jumped out with a piſtol in his hand, and preſently ſhe heard the report of fire-arms, at which the horſes taking fright, ran furiouſly acroſs the fields for a conſiderable way before their driver was able to ſtop them. He had ſcarcely accompliſhed that, when he was accoſted by a ſervant in livery, who bade him fear nothing, for that his maſter had obliged the villains to make off.—" Eternal bleſſings on him! cried Harriet, and to that providence whoſe inſtrument he is."—' To have been of any ſervice to Miſs Anneſly, replied a gentleman who now appeared leading his horſe, rewards itſelf.'——It was Sindall!——" Gracious powers! exclaimed the aſtoniſhed Harriet, can it be you, ſir Thomas!" ' Compoſe yourſelf, my dear Miſs Anneſly, ſaid he, leſt the ſurprize of your deliverance ſhould overpower your ſpirits.'—He had opened the door of the chaiſe, and Harriet, by a natural motion, made room for him to ſit by her.—He accordingly gave his horſe to a ſervant, and ſtepped into the chaiſe, directing the driver to ſtrike down a particular path, which would lead him to a ſmall inn, where he had ſometimes paſſed the night when a hunting.

When he pulled up the glaſs, "Tell me, tell me, ſir Thomas, ſaid Harriet, what guardian angel directed you ſo unexpectedly to my relief?"—'That guardian angel, my faireſt, which I truſt will ever direct us to happineſs; my love, my impatient love, that could not bear the tedious days which my Harriet's preſence had ceaſed to brighten.'——When ſhe would have expreſſed the warmth of her gratitude for his ſervices; "Speak not of them, ſaid he; I only riſked a life in thy defence, which, without thee, it is nothing to poſſeſs."

They now reached that inn to which Sindall had directed them; where, if they found a homely, yet it was a cordial reception. The landlady, who had the moſt obliging and attentive behaviour in the world, having heard of the accident which had befallen the lady, produced ſome waters which, ſhe ſaid, were highly cordial, and begged Miſs Anneſly to take a large glaſs of them; informing her, that they were made after a receit of her grandmother's, who was one of the moſt notable doctreſſes in the country. Sir Thomas, however, was not ſatisfied with this preſcription alone, but diſpatched one of his ſervants, to fetch a neighbouring ſurgeon, as Miſs Anneſly's alarm, he ſaid, might have more ſerious conſequences than people, ignorant of ſuch things, could imagine. For this ſurgeon, indeed, there ſeemed more employments than one; the ſleeve of ſir Thomas's ſhirt was diſcovered to be all over blood, owing, as he imagined, to the grazing of a piſtol-ball which had been fired at him. This himſelf treated very lightly, but it awakened the fears and tenderneſs of Harriet in the livelieſt manner.

The landlady now put a queſtion, which indeed might naturally have ſuggeſted itſelf before; to wit, Whom they ſuſpected to be the inſtigators of this outrage? Sir Thomas anſwered, that, for his part, he could form no probable conjecture about the matter; and, turning to Miſs Anneſly, aſked her opinion on the ſubject; "Sure, ſaid he, it cannot have been that ruffian who was rude to you at the inn where we dined." Harriet anſwered, that ſhe could very well ſuppoſe it might; adding, that though, in the confuſion, ſhe did not pretend to have taken very diſtinct notice of things, yet ſhe thought there was a perſon ſtanding at the door, near to that drunken gentleman, who had ſome reſemblance of the man that ſat by her in the chaiſe.

They were now interrupted by the arrival of the ſurgeon, which, from the vigilance of the ſervant, happened in a much ſhorter time than could have been expected; and Harriet peremptorily inſiſted, that, before he took any charge of her, he ſhould examine and dreſs the wound on ſir Thomas's arm. To this, therefore, the baronet was obliged to conſent; and after having been ſometime with the operator in an adjoining chamber, they returned together, ſir Thomas's arm being ſlung in a piece of crape, and the ſurgeon declaring, highly to Miſs Anneſly's ſatiſfaction, that with proper care there was no ſort of danger; though, he added, that if the ſhot had taken a direction but half an inch more to the left, it would have ſhattered the bone to pieces. This laſt declaration drove the blood again from Harriet's cheek, and contributed perhaps, more than any thing elſe, to that quickneſs and tremulation of pulſe which the ſurgeon, on applying his finger to her wriſt, pronounced to be the caſe. He ordered his patient to be undreſt; which was accordingly done, the landlady accommodating her with a bed-gown of her own; and then, having mulled a little wine, he mixed in it ſome powders of his own compoſition, a ſecret, he ſaid, of the greateſt efficacy in readjuſting any diſorders in the nervous ſyſtem; of which draught he recommended a large tea-cupful to be taken immediately. Harriet objected ſtrongly againſt theſe powders, till the ſurgeon ſeemed to grow angry at her refuſal, and recapitulated, in a very rapid manner, the ſucceſs which their adminiſtration had in many great families who did him the honour of employing him. Harriet, the gentleneſs of whoſe nature could offend no one living, overcame her reluctance, and ſwallowed the doſe that was offered her——

The indignation of my ſoul has with difficulty ſubmitted ſo long to this cool deſcription of a ſcene of the moſt exquiſite villany. The genuineneſs of my tale needs not the aid of ſurpriſe, to intereſt the feelings of my readers. It is with horror I tell them, that the various incidents, which this and the preceding chapter contain, were but the prelude of a deſign formed by Sindall for the deſtruction of that innocence, which was the dowry of Anneſly's daughter. He had contrived a rout the moſt proper for the ſucceſs of his machinations, which the ignorance of Ryland was prevailed on to follow: he had bribed a ſet of banditti to execute that ſham rape, which his ſeeming valour was to prevent; he had ſcratched his wriſt with a penknife, to make the appearance of being wounded in the cauſe; he had dragged his victim to the houſe of a wretch whom he had before employed in purpoſes of a ſimilar kind; he had dreſſed one of his own creatures to perſonate a ſurgeon, and that ſurgeon, by his directions, had adminiſtered certain powders, of which the damnable effects were to aſſiſt the execution of his villany.

Beſet with toils like theſe, his helpleſs prey was, alas! too much in his power to have any chance of eſcape; and that guilty night completed the ruin of her, whom, but the day before, the friend of Sindall, in the anguiſh of his ſoul, had recommended to his care and protection.——

Let me cloſe this chapter on the monſtrous deed!—That ſuch things are, is a thought diſtreſsful to humanity——their detail can gratify no mind that deſerves to be gratified.

CHAP. XXIV.

The ſituation of Harriet, and the conduct of Sindall. They proceed homeward. Some incidents in their journey.

I Would deſcribe, if I could, the anguiſh which the recollection of the ſucceeding day brought on the mind of Harriet Anneſly.—But it is in ſuch paſſages that the expreſſion of the writer will do little juſtice even to his own feelings; much muſt therefore be left to thoſe of the reader.

The poinancy of her own diſtreſs was doubled by the idea of her father's; a father's, whoſe pride, whoſe comfort, but a few weeks ago ſhe had been, to whom ſhe was now to return deprived of that innocence which could never be reſtored. I ſhould rather ſay that honour; for guilt it could not be called, under the circumſtances into which ſhe had been betrayed; but the world has little diſtinction to make; and the fall of her, whom the deepeſt villany has circumvented, it brands with that common degree of infamy, which, in its juſtice, it always imputes to the ſide of the leſs criminal party.

Sindall's pity (for we will do him no injuſtice) might be touched; his paſſion was but little abated; and he employed the language of both to comfort the affliction he had cauſed. From the violence of what, by the perverſion of words, is termed love, he excuſed the guilt of his paſt conduct, and proteſted his readineſs to wipe it away by the future. He begged that Harriet would not ſuffer her delicacy to make her unhappy under the ſenſe of their connexion; he vowed that he conſidered her as his wife, and that, as ſoon as particular circumſtances would allow him, he would make her what the world called ſo, though the ſacredneſs of his attachment was above being encreaſed by any form whatever.

There was ſomething in the mind of Harriet which allowed her little eaſe under all theſe proteſtations of regard; but they took off the edge of her preſent affliction, and ſhe heard them, if not with a warmth of hope, at leaſt with an alleviation of deſpair.

They now ſet out on their return to the peaceful manſion of Anneſly. How bliſful, in any other circumſtances, had Harriet imagined the ſight of a father, whom ſhe now trembled to behold!

They had not proceeded many miles when they were met by Ryland, attended by a number of ruſtics whom he had aſſembled for the purpoſe of ſearching after Miſs Anneſly. It was only indeed by the lower claſs that the account he gave had been credited, for which thoſe who did not believe it cannot much be blamed, when we conſider its improbability, and likewiſe that Jack's perſuaſive powers were not of a ſort that eaſily induces perſuaſion, even when not diſarranged by the confuſion and fright of ſuch an adventure.

His joy at finding Harriet ſafe in the protection of ſir Thomas, was equally turbulent with his former fears for her welfare. After rewarding his preſent aſſociates with the greateſt part of the money in his pocket, he proceeded, in a manner not the moſt diſtinct, to give an account of what befel himſelf, ſubſequent to that violence which had torn him from his companion. The chaiſe, he ſaid, into which he was forced, drove, by ſeveral croſs roads, about three or four miles from the place where they were firſt attacked; it then ſtopping, his attendant commanded him to get out, and, pointing to a farm-houſe which, by the light of the moon, was diſcernible at ſome diſtance, told him, that, if he went thither, he would find accommodation for the night, and might purſue his journey with ſafety in the morning.

He now demanded, in his turn, a recital from Harriet of her ſhare of their common calamity, which ſhe gave him in the few words the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits could afford. When ſhe had ended, Ryland fell on his knees in gratitude to ſir Thomas for her deliverance. Harriet turned on Sindall a look infinitely expreſſive, and it was followed by a ſtarting tear.

They now proceeded to the next ſtage on their way homewards, Sindall declaring, that, after what had happened, he would, on no account, leave Miſs Anneſly, till he had delivered her ſafe into the hands of her father. She heard this ſpeech with a ſigh ſo deep, that if Ryland had poſſeſſed much penetration, he would have made conjectures of ſomething uncommon

common on her mind; but he was guiltleſs of imputing to others, what his honeſty never experienced in himſelf. Sir Thomas obſerved it better, and gently chid it by ſqueezing her hand in his.

At the inn, where they firſt ſtopt, they met with a gentleman who made the addition of a fourth perſon to their party, being an officer who was going down to the ſame part of the country on recruiting orders, and happened to be a particular acquaintance of ſir Thomas Sindall: his name was Camplin.

He afforded to their ſociety an ingredient of which at preſent it ſeemed to ſtand pretty much in need; to wit, a proper ſhare of mirth and humour, for which nature ſeemed, by a profuſion of animal ſpirits, to have very well fitted him. She had not perhaps beſtowed on him much ſterling wit; but ſhe had given him abundance of that counterfeit aſſurance, which frequently paſſes more current than the real. In this company, to which chance had aſſociated him, he had an additional advantage from the preſence of Ryland, whom he very ſoon diſcovered to be of that order of men called Buts, thoſe eaſy cuſhions (to borrow a ſimile of Otway's) on whom the wits of the world repoſe and fatten.

Beſides all this, he had a fund of converſation ariſing from the adventures of a life which, according to his own account, he had paſſed equally in the perils of war and the luxuries of peace; his memoirs affording repeated inſtances of his valour in dangers of the field, his addreſs in the ſociety of the great, and his gallantry in connexions with the fair.

But leſt the reader ſhould imagine, that the real portraiture of this gentleman was to be found in thoſe lineaments which he drew of himſelf, I will take the liberty candidly, though briefly, to communicate ſome particulars relating to his quality, his ſituation, and his character.

He was the ſon of a man who called himſelf an attorney, in a village adjoining to ſir Thomas Sindall's eſtate. His father, ſir William, with whom I made my readers a little acquainted in the beginning of my ſtory, had found this ſame lawyer uſeful in carrying on ſome proceedings againſt his poor neighbours, which the delicacy of more eſtabliſhed practitioners in the law might poſſibly have boggled at; and he had grown into conſequence with the baronet, from that pliancy of diſpoſition which was ſo ſuited to his ſervice. Not that ſir William was naturally cruel or oppreſſive; but he had an exalted idea of the conſequence which a great eſtate confers on its poſſeſſor, which was irritated beyond meaſure when any favourite ſcheme of his was oppoſed by a man of little fortune, however juſt or proper his reaſons for oppoſition might be; and, though *a good ſort of man*, as I have before obſerved, his vengeance was implacable.

Young Camplin, who was nearly of an age with maſter Tommy Sindall, was frequently at ſir William's in quality of a dependant companion to his ſon; and, before the baronet died, he had procured him an enſign's commiſſion in a regiment, which ſome years after was ſtationed in one of our garriſons abroad, where Camplin, much againſt his inclination, was under a neceſſity of joining it.

Here he happened to have an opportunity of obliging the chief in command by certain little offices, which, though not ſtrictly honourable in themſelves, are ſanctified by the favour and countenance of many honourable men; and ſo much did they attach his commander to the enſign, that the latter was very ſoon promoted by his intereſt to the rank of a lieutenant, and not long after was enabled to make a very advantageous purchace of a company.

With this patron alſo he returned to England, and was received at all times in a very familiar manner into his houſe; where he had the honour of carving good diſhes which he was ſometimes permitted to taſte, of laughing at jokes which he was ſometimes allowed to make, and carried an obſequious face into all companies, who were not treated with ſuch extraordinary reſpect as to preclude his approach.

About this time his father, whoſe buſineſs in the country had not encreaſed ſince the death of ſir William Sindall, had ſettled in London, where the reader will recollect the having met with him in a former chapter; but the captain, during his patron's reſidence there, lived too near St. James's to make many viſits to Gray's Inn; and after that gentleman left the town, he continued to move amidſt a circle of men of faſhion, with whom he contrived to live in a manner which has been often defined by the expreſſion of, "nobody knows how." Which ſort of life he had followed uninterruptedly, without ever joining his regiment, till he was now obliged, by the change of a colonel, to take ſome of the duty in his turn, and was ordered a recruiting, as I have taken due occaſion to relate.

In this company did Harriet return to her father. As the news of diſaſter is commonly ſpeedy in its courſe, the good man had already been confuſedly informed of the attack which had been made on his daughter. To him therefore this meeting was ſo joyful, as almoſt to blot from his remembrance the calamities which had lately befallen his family. But far different were the ſenſations of Harriet: ſhe ſhrunk from the ſight of a parent, of whoſe purity ſhe now conceived herſelf unworthy, and fell bluſhing on his neck, which ſhe bathed with a profuſion of tears. This he imagined to proceed from her ſenſibility of thoſe woes which her unhappy brother had ſuffered; and he forbore to take notice of her diſtreſs, any otherwiſe than by maintaining a degree of chearfulneſs himſelf, much above what the feelings of his heart could warrant.

He was attended, when her fellow-travellers accompanied Miſs Anneſly to his houſe, by a gentleman, whom he now introduced to her by the name of Rawlinſon, ſaying he was a very worthy friend of his, who had lately returned from abroad. Harriet indeed recollected to have heard her father mention ſuch a one in their converſations before. Though a good deal younger than Anneſly, he had been a very intimate ſchoolfellow of his in London, from which place he was ſent to the Eaſt Indies, and returned, as was common in thoſe days, with ſome thouſand pounds, and a good conſcience, to his native country. A genuine plainneſs of manners, and a warm benevolence of heart, neither the refinements of life, nor the ſubtleties of traffic, had been able to weaken in Rawlinſon; and he ſet out, under the impreſſion of both, immediately after his arrival in

England, to viſit a companion, whoſe virtues he remembered with veneration, and the value of whoſe friendſhip he had not forgotten. Anneſly received him with that welcome which his fire-ſide ever afforded to the worthy; and Harriet, through the dimneſs of her grief, ſmiled on the friend of her father.

CHAP. XXV.

Something farther of Mr. Rawlinſon.

RAWLINSON found his reception ſo agreeable, that he lengthened his viſit much beyond the limits which he at firſt intended it; and the earneſt requeſt of Anneſly, to whom his friend's company was equally pleaſing, extended them ſtill a little farther.

During this period, he had daily opportunities of obſerving the amiable diſpoſitions of Harriet. He obſerved, indeed, a degree of melancholy about her, which ſeemed extraordinary in one of her age; but he was ſatisfied to account for it, from the relation, which her father had given him, of the ſituation of his ſon, and that remarkable tenderneſs of which his daughter was ſuſceptible. When viewed in this light, it added to the good opinion which he already entertained of her.

His eſteem for Miſs Anneſly ſhowed itſelf by every mark of attention, which a regard for the other ſex unavoidably prompts in ours; and a young woman, or her father, who had no more penetration in thoſe matters than is common to many, would not have heſitated to pronounce that Rawlinſon was already the lover of Harriet. But as neither ſhe nor her father had any wiſhes pointing that way, which had been one great index for diſcovery, they were void of any ſuſpicion of his intentions, till he declared them to Anneſly himſelf.

He did this with an openneſs and ſincerity conformable to the whole of his character. He told his friend that he had now made ſuch a fortune as enabled him to live independantly, and that he looked for a companion to participate it, whoſe good-ſenſe would improve what were worthy, and whoſe good-nature would bear what were imperfect in him. He had diſcovered, he ſaid, ſo much of both in the mind of Miſs Anneſly, that there needed not the recommendation of being the daughter of his worthieſt friend to determine his choice; and that, though he was not old enough to be inſenſible to beauty, yet he was wiſe enough to conſider it as the leaſt of her good qualities. He added, that he made this application to her father, not to aſk a partial exertion of his intereſt in his favour, but only, as the common friend of both, to reveal his intentions to Miſs Harriet. "She has ſeen me, ſaid he, as I am; if not a romantic lover, I ſhall not be a different ſort of being, ſhould ſhe accept of me for a huſband; if ſhe does not, I promiſe you, I ſhall be far from being offended, and will always endeavour to retain her for my friend, whom I have no right to blame for not chuſing to be my wife."

Anneſty communicated this propoſal to his daughter, with a fairneſs, worthy of that with which it had been entruſted to him: "I come not, ſaid he, my Harriet, as a deſpot to command, not as a father to perſuade, but merely as the friend of Mr. Rawlinſon, to diſcloſe his ſentiments; that you ſhould judge for yourſelf, in a matter of the higheſt importance to you, is the voice of reaſon and of nature; I bluſh for thoſe parents who have thought otherwiſe. I would not even, with a view to this particular caſe, obtrude my advice; in general you have heard my opinion before, that the violence which we have been accuſtomed to apply to love, is not always neceſſary towards happineſs in marriage; at the ſame time, that it is a treaſon of the higheſt kind in a woman to take him for her huſband, whom a decent affection has not placed in that ſituation, whence alone ſhe ſhould chuſe one. But my Harriet has not merely been taught ſentiments; I know ſhe has learned the art of forming them; and here ſhe ſhall be truſted entirely to her own."

The feelings of Harriet on this propoſal, and the manner in which her father communicated it, were of ſo tender a kind, that ſhe could not reſtrain her tears. There wanted, indeed, but little to induce her to confeſs all that had paſſed with Sindall, and throw herſelf on the clemency of her indulgent parent. Had ſhe practiſed this ſincerity, which is the laſt virtue we ſhould ever part with, how happy had it been! But it required a degree of fortitude, as well as ſoftneſs, to make this diſcovery; beſides, that her ſeducer had, with the tendereſt entreaties, and aſſurances of a ſpeedy reparation of her injuries, prevailed on her to give him ſomething like a promiſe of ſecrecy.

Her anſwer to this offer of Mr. Rawlinſon's, expreſſed her ſenſe of the obligation ſhe lay under to him, and to her father; ſhe avowed an eſteem for his character equal to its excellence, but that it amounted not to that tender regard which ſhe muſt feel for the man whom ſhe could think of making her huſband.

Rawlinſon received his friend's account of this determination without diſcompoſure. He ſaid he knew himſelf well enough to believe that Miſs Anneſly had made an honeſt and a proper declaration; and begged to have an interview with herſelf, to ſhow her that he conceived not the ſmalleſt reſentment at her refuſal, which, on the contrary, though it deſtroyed his hopes, had encreaſed his veneration for her.

"Regard me not, ſaid he to her when they met, with that reſpect of diſtance, as if you had offended or affronted me; let me not loſe that look of kindneſs which, as the friend of your father and yourſelf, I have formerly experienced. I confeſs there is one diſparity between us, which we elderly men are apt to forget, but which I take no offence at being put in mind of. It is more than probable that I ſhall never be married at all. Since I am not a match for you, Miſs Anneſly, I would endeavour to make you ſomewhat better, if it is poſſible, for another; do me the favour to accept of this paper; and let it ſpeak for me, that I would contribute to your happineſs, without the ſelfiſh conſideration of its being made one with my own." So ſaying, he bowed and retired into an adjoining apartment, where his friend was ſeated. Harriet, upon opening the paper, found it to contain bank-bills to the amount of a thouſand pounds.

Her ſurpriſe at this inſtance of generoſity held her, for a few moments, fixed to the ſpot; but ſhe no ſooner recollected herſelf, than ſhe followed Mr. Rawlinſon, and putting the paper, with its contents, into his hand: "Though I feel, ſir, ſaid ſhe, with the utmoſt gratitude, thoſe ſentiments of kindneſs and generoſity you have expreſſed towards me, you will excuſe me, I hope, from receiving this mark of them."—Rawlinſon's countenance betrayed ſome indications of diſpleaſure.—"You do wrong, ſaid he, young lady, and I will be judged by your father.—— This was a preſent, ſir, I intended for the worthieſt woman, the daughter of my worthieſt friend; ſhe is woman ſtill, I ſee, and her pride will no more than her affections, ſubmit itſelf to my happineſs." Anneſly looked upon the bank-bills;

"There is a delicacy, my beſt friend, ſaid he, in our ſituation; the poor muſt ever be cautious, and there is a certain degree of pride which is their ſafeſt virtue."—"Let me tell you, interrupted the other, this is not the pride of virtue. —It is that fantaſtic nicety which is a weakneſs in the ſoul, and the dignity of great minds is above it. Believe me, the churliſhneſs which cannot oblige, is little more ſelfiſh, though in a different mode, than the haughtineſs which will not be obliged."

"We are inſtructed, my child," ſaid Anneſly, delivering her the paper; "let us ſhow Mr. Rawlinſon, that we have not that narrowneſs of mind which he has cenſured; and that we will pay that laſt tribute to his worth which the receiving of a favour beſtows."

"Indeed, ſir, ſaid Harriet, I little deſerve it; I am not, I am not what he thinks me.—I am not worthy of his regard."—And ſhe burſt into tears.—They knew not why ſhe wept; but their eyes ſhed each a ſympathetic drop, without aſking their reaſon's leave.

Mr. Rawlinſon ſpeedily ſet out for London, where his preſence was neceſſary towards diſpatching ſome buſineſs he had left unfiniſhed, after his return to England.

He left his friend, and his friend's amiable daughter, with a tender regret; while they, who, in their humble walk of life, had few to whom that title would belong, felt his abſence with an equal emotion. He promiſed, however, at his departure, to make them another viſit with the return of the ſpring.

CHAP. XXVI.

Captain Camplin is again introduced.—The ſituation of Miſs Anneſly, with that gentleman's concern in her affairs.

HIS place was but ill ſupplied, at their winter's fire-ſide, by the occaſional viſits of Camplin, whom Sindall had introduced to Anneſly's acquaintance. Yet, though his was a character on which Anneſly could not beſtow much of his eſteem, it had ſome good-humoured qualities, which did not fail to entertain and amuſe him. But the captain ſeemed to be leſs agreeable in that quarter to which he principally pointed his attention, to wit, the opinion of Harriet, to whom he took frequent occaſion to make thoſe ſpeeches, which have juſt enough of folly in them to acquire the name of compliments, and ſometimes even ventured to turn them in ſo particular a manner, as if he wiſhed to have them underſtood to mean ſomewhat more.

The ſituation of the unfortunate Harriet was ſuch as his pleaſantry could not divert, and his attachment could only diſguſt. As ſhe had loſt that peace of mind which inward ſatisfaction alone can beſtow, ſo ſhe felt the calamity doubled, by that obligation to ſecrecy ſhe was under, and the difficulty which her preſent condition (for ſhe was now with child) made ſuch a concealment be attended with. Often had ſhe determined to reveal, either to her father or to Mrs. Wiſtanly, who, of her own ſex, was her only friend, the ſtory of her diſhonour; but Sindall, by repeated ſolicitations when in the country, and a conſtant correſpondence when in town, conjured her to be ſilent for ſome little time, till he could ſmooth the way for beſtowing his hand on the only woman whom he had ever ſincerely loved. One principal reaſon for his poſtponing their union had always been the neceſſity for endeavouring to gain over the aſſent of his grandfather by the mother's ſide, from whom Sindall had great expectations; he had, from time to time, ſuggeſted this as difficult, and only to be attempted with caution, from the proud and touchy diſpoſition of the old gentleman: he now repreſented him as in a very declining ſtate of health, and that, probably, in a very ſhort time, his death would remove this obſtacle to the warmeſt wiſh of a heart, that was ever faithful to his Harriet. The flattering language of his letters could not arreſt the progreſs of that time, which muſt divulge the ſhame of her he had undone; but they ſoothed the tumults of a ſoul to whom his villany was yet unknown, and whoſe affections his appearance of worth, of friendſhip, and nobleneſs of mind, had but too much entangled.

However imperfectly he had accounted for delaying a marriage, which he always profeſſed his intention to perform, the deluſion was kept up in the expectations of Harriet, till that period began to draw near when it would be impoſſible any longer to conceal from the world the effects of their intimacy. Then, indeed, her uneaſineſs was not to be allayed by ſuch excuſes as Sindall had before relied on her artleſs confidence to believe. He wrote her, therefore, an anſwer to a letter full of the moſt earneſt as well as tender expoſtulations, informing her, of his having determined to run any riſk of inconvenience to himſelf, rather than ſuffer her to remain longer in a ſtate, ſuch as ſhe had (pathetically indeed) deſcribed. That he was to ſet out in a few days for the country, to make himſelf indiſſolubly hers; but that it was abſolutely neceſſary that ſhe ſhould allow him to conduct their marriage in a particular manner, which he would communicate to her on his arrival; and begged, as ſhe valued his peace and her own, that the whole matter might ſtill remain as inviolably ſecret as ſhe had hitherto kept it.

In a few days after the receit of this letter, ſhe received a note from Camplin, importing his deſire to have an interview with her on ſome particular buſineſs, which related equally to her and to ſir Thomas Sindall. The time he appointed was early in the morning of the ſucceeding day; and the place, a little walk which the villagers uſed to frequent in holiday-times, at the back of her father's garden. This was delivered her, in a ſecret manner, by a little boy, an attendant of that gentleman's, who was a frequent gueſt in Anneſly's kitchen, from his talent at playing the flageolet, which he had acquired in the capacity of a drummer to the regiment to which his maſter belonged. Myſterious as the contents of this note were, the mind of Harriet eaſily ſuggeſted to her, that Camplin had been, in ſome reſpect at leaſt, let into the confidence of ſir Thomas. She now felt the want of that dignity which innocence beſtows; ſhe bluſhed and trembled, even in the preſence of this little boy, becauſe he was Camplin's; and with a ſhaking hand, ſcrawled a note in anſwer to that he had brought her, to let his maſter know, that ſhe would meet him at the hour he had appointed. She met him accordingly.

He began with making many proteſtations of his regard, both for Miſs Anneſly and the baronet, which had induced him, he ſaid, to dedicate himſelf to the ſervice of both in this affair, though it was a matter of ſuch delicacy as he would not otherwiſe have choſen to interfere in; and putting into her hand a letter from Sindall, told her, he had taken meaſures for carrying into execution the purpoſe it contained.

It informed her that ſir Thomas was in the houſe of an old domeſtic at ſome miles diſtance, where he waited to be made hers. That he had for this ſecrecy many reaſons, with which he could not by ſuch a conveyance make her acquainted, but which her own prudence would probably ſuggeſt. He concluded with recommending her to the care and protection of Camplin, whoſe honour he warmly extolled.

She pauſed a moment on the peruſal of this billet.—"Oh! heavens! ſaid ſhe, to what have I reduced myſelf! Mr. Camplin, what am I to do? Whither are you to carry me? Pardon my confuſion—I ſcarce know what I ſay to you."——

" I have a chaiſe and four ready, anſwered Camplin, at the end of the lane, which in an hour or two, madam, will convey you to ſir Thomas Sindall." " But my father, good heavens! to leave my father!" " Conſider, ſaid he, 'tis but for a little while: my boy ſhall carry a note to acquaint him that you are gone on a viſit, and will return in the evening."—" Return! Methinks I feel a foreboding that I ſhall never return."—He put a piece of paper and a pencil into her hand; the note was written, and diſpatched by the boy, to whom he beckoned at ſome diſtance where he had waited.—— " Now, madam, ſaid he, let me conduct you."——Her knees knocked ſo againſt each other, that it was with difficulty ſhe could walk, even with the ſupport of his arm. They reached the chaiſe; a ſervant who ſtood by it, opened the door to admit her; ſhe put her foot on the ſtep, then drew it back again. "Be not afraid, madam, ſaid Camplin, you go to be happy." She put her foot up again, and ſtood in that attitude a moment; ſhe caſt back a look to the little manſion of her father, whence the ſmoke was now rolling its volumes in the calmneſs of a beautiful morning. A guſh of tenderneſs ſwelled her heart at the ſight—She burſt into tears —But the criſis of her fate was come— and ſhe entered the carriage, which drove off at a furious rate, Camplin commanding the poſtilion to make as much ſpeed as was poſſible.

CHAP. XXVII.

The effects, which the event contained in the preceding chapter had on Mr. Anneſly.

THE receit of that note which Harriet was perſuaded by Camplin to write to her father, (intimating her having gone on a viſit to a family in the neighbourhood, whence ſhe was not to return till the evening) though her time of going abroad was ſomewhat unuſual, did not create any ſurpriſe in the mind of Anneſly; but it happened that Mrs. Wiſtanly, who called in the afternoon to enquire after her young friend, had juſt left the very houſe where her meſſage imported her viſit to be made. This ſet her father on conjecturing, though without much anxiety, and with no ſuſpicion: but his fears were redoubled when, having ſat up till a very late hour, no tidings arrived of his daughter. He went to bed, however, though it could not afford him ſleep; at every bark of the village-dogs his heart bounded with the hopes of her return; but the morning roſe, and did not reſtore him his Harriet.

His uneaſineſs had been obſerved by his ſervants, to whom he was too indulgent a maſter to have his intereſts conſidered by them with leſs warmth than their own. Abraham, therefore, who was coeval with his maſter, and had ſerved him ever ſince he was married, had ſallied forth by day-break on ſearch of intelligence. He was met accidentally by a huntſman of ſir Thomas Sindall's, who informed him, that as he croſſed the lane at the back of the village the morning before, he ſaw Miſs Anneſly leaning on captain Camplin's arm, and walking with him towards a chaiſe and four, which ſtood at the end of it. Abraham's cheeks grew pale at this intelligence; becauſe he had a ſort of inſtinctive terror for Camplin, who was in uſe to make his awkward ſimplicity, a fund for many jeſts, and tricks of miſchief, during his viſits to Anneſly. He haſtened home to communicate this diſcovery to his maſter, which he did with a faltering tongue, and many ejaculations of fear and ſurpriſe. Anneſly received it with leſs emotion, though not without an encreaſe of uneaſineſs. " Yonder, ſaid Abraham, looking through the window, is the captain's little boy;" and he ran out of the room to bring him to an examination. The lad, upon being interrogated, confeſſed that his maſter had ſent him to hire a chaiſe, which was to be in waiting at the end of that lane I have formerly mentioned, at an early hour in the morning, and that he ſaw Miſs Anneſly go into it attended by the captain, who had not, any more than Miſs Harriet, been at home or heard of ſince that time. This declaration deprived Anneſly of utterance; but it only added to the warmth of Abraham's inquiſition, who now mingling threats with his queſtions, drew from the boy the ſecret, of his having privately delivered a letter, from his maſter to Miſs Anneſly, the very night preceding the day of their departure; and that a man of his acquaintance, who had ſtopt, about mid-day, at the alehouſe where he was quartered, told him, by way of converſation, that he had met his maſter with a lady, whom he ſuppoſed, jeeringly, he was running away with, driving at a great rate on the road towards London. Abraham made a ſign to the boy to leave the room.—"My poor dear young lady!" ſaid he, as he ſhut the door, and the tears guſhed from his eyes. His maſter's were turned upwards, to that Being, to whom calamity ever directed them.—The maid-ſervant now entered the room, uttering ſome broken exclamations of ſorrow, which a violent ſobbing rendered inarticulate.—Anneſly had finiſhed his account with heaven! and addreſſing her with a degree of calmneſs, which the good man could derive only thence, aſked her the cauſe of her being afflicted in ſo unuſual a manner. "Oh, ſir! ſaid ſhe, ſtifling her tears, I have heard what the captain's boy has been telling; I fear it is but too true, and worſe than you imagine! God forgive me if I wrong Miſs Harriet; but I ſuſpect—I have ſuſpected for ſome time—ſhe burſt into tears again! —that my young lady is with child."—Anneſly had ſtretched his fortitude to the utmoſt—this laſt blow overcame it, and he fell ſenſeleſs on the floor! Abraham threw himſelf down by him, tearing his white locks, and acting all the frantic extravagances of grief. But the maid was more uſeful to her maſter; and having raiſed him gently, and chafed his temples, he began to ſhow ſome ſigns of reviving; when Abraham recollected himſelf ſo far as to aſſiſt his fellow-ſervant in carrying him to his chamber, and laying him on his bed, where he recovered the powers of life, and the ſenſe of his misfortune.

Their endeavours for his recovery were ſeconded by Mrs. Wiſtanly, who had made this early viſit to ſatisfy ſome doubts which ſhe, as well as Anneſly, had conceived, even from the information of the preceding day. When he firſt regained the uſe of ſpeech, he complained of a violent ſhivering, for which this good lady, from the little ſkill ſhe poſſeſſed in phyſic, preſcribed ſome ſimple remedies, and at the ſame time diſpatched Abraham for an apothecary in the neighbourhood, who commonly attended the family.

Before this gentleman arrived, Anneſly had received ſo much temporary relief from Mrs. Wiſtanly's preſcriptions, as to be able to ſpeak with more eaſe, than the inceſſant quivering of his lips had before allowed him to do. "Alas! ſaid he, Mrs.

Wiſtanly, have you heard of my Harriet?" —" I have, ſir, ſaid ſhe, with equal aſtoniſhment and ſorrow; yet let me entreat you not to abandon that hope which the preſent uncertainty may warrant. I cannot allow myſelf to think that things are ſo ill as your ſervants have informed me." —" My foreboding heart, ſaid he, tells me they are; I remember many circumſtances now, which all meet to confirm my fears. Oh! Mrs. Wiſtanly, ſhe was my darling, the idol of my heart! perhaps too much ſo—the will of heaven be done!"——

The apothecary now arrived, who, upon examining into the ſtate of his patient, ordered ſome warm applications to remove that univerſal coldneſs he complained of, and left him, with a promiſe of returning in a few hours, when he had finiſhed ſome viſits, which he was under a neceſſity of making in the village.

When he returned, he found Mr. Anneſly altered for the worſe; the cold which the latter felt before, having given place to a burning heat. He therefore told Mrs. Wiſtanly, at going away, that in the evening he would bring a phyſician, with whom he had an appointment at a gentleman's not very diſtant, to ſee Mr. Anneſly, as his ſituation appeared to him to be attended with ſome alarming circumſtances.

His fears of danger were juſtified by the event. When theſe gentlemen ſaw Mr. Anneſly in the evening, his fever was encreaſed. Next day, after a reſtleſs night, they found every bad ſymptom confirmed: they tried every method which medical ſkill could ſuggeſt for his relief, but, during four ſucceſſive days, their endeavours proved ineffectual; and at the expiration of that time they told his friend, Mrs. Wiſtanly, who had enjoyed almoſt as little ſleep as the ſick-man whom ſhe watched, that unleſs ſome favourable criſis ſhould happen ſoon, the worſt conſequences were much to be feared.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The arrival of Mr. Rawlinſon. Anneſly's diſcourſe with him. That gentleman's account of his friend's ilneſs, and its conſequences.

AT this melancholy period it happened that Mr. Rawlinſon arrived, in purſuance of that promiſe which Anneſly had obtained from him, at the time of his departure for London.

There needed not that warmth of heart we have formerly deſcribed in this gentleman to feel the accumulated diſtreſs to which his worthy friend was reduced. Nor was his aſtoniſhment at the account which he received of Harriet's elopement leſs, than his pity for the ſufferings it had brought upon her father.

From the preſent ſituation of Anneſly's family, he did not chuſe to incommode them with any trouble of proviſion for him. He took up his quarters therefore at the only inn, a paltry one indeed, which the village afforded, and reſolved to remain there till he ſaw what iſſue his friend's preſent ilneſs ſhould have, and endeavour to adminiſter ſome comfort, either to the laſt moments of his life, or to that affliction which his recovery could not remove.

In the evening of the day on which he arrived, Anneſly ſeemed to feel a ſort of relief from the violence of his diſeaſe.

He ſpoke with a degree of coolneſs which he had never before been able to command; and after having talked ſome little time with his phyſician, he told Abraham, who ſeldom quitted his bed-ſide, that he thought he had ſeen Mr. Rawlinſon enter the room in the morning, though he was in a confuſed ſlumber at the time, and might have miſtaken a dream for the reality. Upon Abraham's informing him, that Mr. Rawlinſon had been there, that he had left the houſe but a moment before, and that he was to remain in the village for ſome time, he expreſſed the warmeſt ſatisfaction at the intelligence; and having made Abraham fetch him a paper which lay in his buroe, ſealed up in a particular manner, he diſpatched him to the inn where his friend was, with a meſſage, importing an earneſt deſire to ſee him as ſoon as ſhould be convenient.

Rawlinſon had already returned to the houſe, and was by this time ſtealing up ſtairs, to watch at the bed-ſide of his friend, for which taſk Mrs. Wiſtanly's former unceaſing ſolicitude had now rendered her unfit. He was met by Abraham with a gleam of joy on his countenance, from the happy change which he thought he obſerved in his maſter; and was conducted to the ſide of the bed by that faithful domeſtic, who placed him in a chair, that the doctor had juſt occupied by his patient.

Anneſly ſtretched out his hands, and ſqueezed that of Rawlinſon between them for ſome time without ſpeaking a word. "I bleſs God, ſaid he at laſt, that he has ſent me a comforter, at a moment when I ſo much need one. You muſt by this time have heard, my friend, of that lateſt and greateſt of my family-misfortunes, with which providence has afflicted me."——"You know, my dear ſir, anſwered Rawlinſon, that no one would more ſincerely feel for your ſorrows than I; but at preſent it is a ſubject too tender for you."——"Do not ſay ſo, replied his friend; it will eaſe my labouring heart to ſpeak of it to my Rawlinſon: but in the firſt place I have a little buſineſs which I will now diſpatch. Here is a deed making over all my effects to you, ſir, and at your death, to any one you ſhall name your executor in that truſt for my children—if I have any children remaining!—Into your hands I deliver it with a peculiar ſatisfaction, and I know there will not need the deſire of a dying friend to add to your zeal for their ſervice.—Why ſhould that word ſtartle you? death is to me a meſſenger of conſolation!" He pauſed!—Rawlinſon put up the paper in ſilence, for his heart was too full to allow him the uſe of words for an anſwer.

"When I loſt my ſon, continued Anneſly, I ſuffered in ſilence; and though it preyed on me in ſecret, I bore up againſt the weight of my ſorrow, that I might not weaken in myſelf that ſtay which heaven had provided for my Harriet. She was then my only remaining comfort, ſaved like ſome precious treaſure from the ſhipwreck of my family; and I fondly hoped that my age might go down ſmoothly to its reſt, amidſt the endearments of a daughter's care.—I have now lived to ſee the laſt reſting-place which my ſoul could find in this world, laid waſte and deſolate!—yet to that Being, whoſe goodneſs is infinite as his ways are inſcrutable, let me bend in reverence! I bleſs his name that he has not yet taken from me that truſt in him, which to loſe is the only irremediable calamity: it is now indeed that I feel its efficacy moſt, when every ray of human comfort is extinguiſhed. As for me—my deliverance is at hand; I feel ſomething here at my heart that tells me, I ſhall not have long to ſtrive with inſufferable affliction. My poor deluded daughter——I commit to thee, Father of all! by whom the wanderings of thy unhappy children are ſeen with pity, and to whom their return cannot be too late to be accepted! If my friend ſhould live to ſee her look back with contrition towards that path from which ſhe has ſtrayed, I know his goodneſs will lead her ſteps to find it.—Show her her father's grave! yet ſpare her for his ſake, who cannot then comfort or ſupport her!"

The reſt of this narration I will give the reader in Mr. Rawlinſon's own words, from a letter of his I have now lying before me, of which I will tranſcribe the latter part, beginning its recital at the cloſe of this pathetic addreſs of his friend.

As I had been told (ſays this gentleman) that he had not enjoyed one ſound ſleep ſince his daughter went away, I left him now to compoſe himſelf to reſt, deſiring his ſervant to call me inſtantly, if he obſerved any thing particular about his maſter. He whiſpered me, " that " when he ſat up with him the night be" fore, he could overhear him at times " talk wildly, and mutter to himſelf like " one ſpeaking in one's ſleep; that then " he would ſtart, ſigh deeply, and ſeem " again to recollect himſelf." I went back to his maſter's bed-ſide, and begged him to endeavour to calm his mind ſo much as not to prevent that repoſe which he ſtood ſo greatly in need of. " I have prevailed on my phyſician, anſwered he, to give me an opiate for that purpoſe, and I think I now feel drouſy from its effects." I wiſhed him good night.— " Good night, ſaid he,—but give me your hand; it is perhaps the laſt time I ſhall ever claſp it!" He lifted up his eyes to heaven, holding my hand in his, then turned away his face, and laid his head upon his pillow.—I could not lay mine to reſt: Alas! ſaid I, that ſuch ſhould be the portion of virtue like Anneſly's; yet to arraign the diſtribution of providence, had been to forget that leſſon which the beſt of men had juſt been teaching me;—but the doubtings, the darkneſs of feeble man, ſtill hung about my heart.

When I ſent in the morning, I was told that he was ſtill aſleep, but that his reſt was obſerved to be frequently diſturbed by groans and ſtartings, and that he breathed much thicker than he had ever done hitherto. I went myſelf to get more perfect intelligence; his faithful Abraham met me at the door.—" Oh ſir, ſaid he, "my poor maſter!"—'What is the matter?'—"I fear, ſir, he is not in his perfect ſenſes; for he talks more wildly than ever, and yet he is broad awake."—He led me into the room; I placed myſelf directly before him; but his eye, though it was fixed on mine, did not ſeem to acknowlege its object. There was a glazing on it that deadened its look.

He muttered ſomething in a very low voice.—"How does my friend?" ſaid I.—He ſuffered me to take his hand, but anſwered nothing.—After liſtening ſome time, I could hear the name of Harriet. "Do you want any thing, my dear ſir?" He moved his lips, but I heard not what he ſaid.—I repeated my queſtion; he look'd up piteouſly in my face, then turned his eye round as if he miſſed ſome object on which it meant to reſt.—He ſhivered, and caught hold of Abraham's hand, who ſtood at the ſide of the bed oppoſite me.—He looked round again, then uttered with a feeble and broken voice, "Where is my Harriet? lay your "hand on my head—this hand is not my "Harriet's—ſhe is dead, I know:—you "will not ſpeak—my poor child is dead! "yet I dreamed ſhe was alive and had "left me; left me to die alone!—I have "ſeen her weep at the death of a linnet! "poor ſoul, ſhe was not made for this "world—we ſhall meet in heaven!— "Bleſs her! bleſs her!—there! may you "be as virtuous as your mother, and "more fortunate than your father has "been!—My head is ſtrangely con- "fuſed!—but tell me, when did ſhe die? "you ſhould have waked me that I might

" have prayed by her.—Sweet innocence! " ſhe had no crimes to confeſs!—I can " ſpeak but ill, for my tongue ſticks " to my mouth.—Yet—oh!—moſt mer- " ciful, ſtrengthen and ſupport—He ſhi- " vered again—into thy hands!"——He groaned and died!"

Sindall! and ye who like Sindall—but I cannot ſpeak!—ſpeak for me their conſciences!

CHAP. XXIX.

What befel Harriet Anneſly on her leaving her father.

I AM not in a diſpoſition to ſtop in the midſt of this part of my recital, ſolicitous to embelliſh, or ſtudious to arrange it. My readers ſhall receive it ſimple, as becomes a tale of ſorrow, and I flatter myſelf, they are at this moment, readier to feel than to judge it.

They have ſeen Harriet Anneſly, by the artifice of Sindall, and the agency of Camplin, tempted to leave the houſe of her father, in hopes of meeting the man who had betrayed her, and of receiving that only reparation for her injuries which it was now in his power to make.

But ſir Thomas never entertained the moſt diſtant thought of that marriage, with the hopes of which he had deluded her. Yet, though he was not ſubject to the internal principles of honour or morality, he was man of the world enough to know their value in the eſtimation of others. The virtues of Anneſly had ſo much endeared him to every one within their reach, that this outrage of Sindall's againſt him, under the diſguiſe of ſacred friendſhip and regard, would have given the intereſt and character of ſir Thomas ſuch a blow, as he could not eaſily have recovered, nor conveniently born. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that he wiſhed for ſome expedient to conceal it from the eyes of the public.

For this purpoſe he had formed a ſcheme, which all the knowlege he had of the delicacy of Harriet's affection for him, did not prevent his thinking practicable; (for the female who once falls from innocence, is held to be ſunk into perpetual debaſement) and that was, to provide a huſband for her in the perſon of another. And for that huſband he pitched on Camplin, with whoſe character he was too well acquainted, to doubt the bringing him over to any baſeneſs which danger did not attend, and a liberal reward was to follow. Camplin, who at this time was in great want of money, and had always an appetite for thoſe pleaſures which money alone can purchaſe, agreed to his propoſals; they ſettled the dowry of his future wife, and the ſcheme which he undertook to procure her. Part of its execution I have already related; I proceed to relate the reſt.

When they had been driven with all the fury which Camplin had enjoined the poſtilions, for about eight or nine miles, they ſtopt at an inn, where they changed horſes. Harriet expreſſed her ſurpriſe at their not having already reached the place where ſir Thomas waited them; on which Camplin told her, that it was not a great way off, but that the roads were very bad, and that he obſerved the horſes to be exceedingly jaded.

After having proceeded ſome miles farther, on a road ſtill more wild and leſs frequented, ſhe repeated her wonder at the length of the way; on which Camplin, entreating her pardon for being concerned in anyhow deceiving her, confeſſed that ſir Thomas was at a place much farther from her father's than he had made her believe; which deceit he had begged of him (Camplin) to practice, that ſhe might not be alarmed at the diſtance, which was neceſſary, he ſaid, for that plan of ſecrecy ſir Thomas had formed for his marriage. Her fears were ſufficiently rouſed at this intelligence, but it was now too late to retreat, however terrible it might be to go on.

Some time after they ſtopt to breakfaſt, and changed horſes again, Camplin informing her, that it was the laſt time they ſhould have occaſion to do ſo. Accordingly, in little more than an hour, during which the ſpeed of their progreſs was nowiſe abated, they halted at the door of a houſe, which Harriet, upon coming out of the chaiſe, immediately recollected to be that fatal one to which Sindall had before conveyed her. She felt, on entering it, a degree of horror which the remembrance of that guilty night ſhe had before paſſed under its roof, could not fail to ſuggeſt, and it was with difficulty ſhe dragged her trembling ſteps to a room above ſtairs, whither the landlady, with a profuſion of civility, conducted her.

Where is ſir Thomas Sindall? ſaid ſhe, looking about with terror on the well-remembered objects around her. Camplin, ſhutting the door of the chamber, told her, with a look of the utmoſt tenderneſs and reſpect, that ſir Thomas was not then in the houſe, but had deſired him to deliver her a letter, which he now put into her hands for her peruſal. It contained what follows:

"It is with inexpreſſible anguiſh I inform my ever-deareſt Harriet, of my inability to perform engagements, of which I acknowlege the ſolemnity, and which neceſſity alone has power to cancel. The cruelty of my grandfather is deaf to all the remonſtrances of my love; and having accidentally diſcovered my attachment for you, he inſiſts upon my immediately ſetting out on my travels; a command, which, in my preſent ſituation, I find myſelf obliged to comply with. I feel, with the moſt poinant ſorrow and remorſe, for that condition to which our ill-fated love has reduced the lovelieſt of her ſex. I would therefore endeavour, if poſſible, to conceal the ſhame which the world arbitrarily affixes to it. With this view I have laid aſide all ſelfiſh conſiderations ſo much, as to yield to the ſuit of Mr. Camplin that hand, which I had once the happineſs of expecting for myſelf. This ſtep, the exigency of your preſent circumſtances renders highly eligible, if your affections can bend themſelves to a man, of whoſe honour and good qualities I have had the ſtrongeſt proofs, and who has generoſity enough to impute no crime to that ardency of the nobleſt paſſion of the mind, which has ſubjected you to the obloquy of the undiſcerning multitude. As Mrs. Camplin, you will poſſeſs the love and affection of that worthieſt of my friends, together with the warmeſt eſteem and regard of your unfortunate, but ever devoted, humble ſervant,

THOMAS SINDALL."

Camplin was about to offer his commentary upon this letter; but Harriet, whoſe ſpirits had juſt ſupported her to the end of it, lay now lifeleſs at his feet. After ſeveral ſucceſſive faintings, from which Camplin, the landlady, and other aſſiſtants, with difficulty recovered her, a ſhower of tears came at laſt to her relief, and ſhe became able to articulate ſome ſhort exclamations of horror and deſpair! Camplin threw himſelf on his knees before her. He proteſted the moſt ſincere and diſintereſted paſſion; and that, if ſhe would bleſs him with the poſſeſſion of ſo many amiable qualities as ſhe poſſeſſed, the uniform endeavour of his life ſhould be to promote her happineſs.—"I think not of thee," ſhe exclaimed; "Oh! Sindall! perfidious, cruel, deliberate villain!" Camplin again interrupted her, with proteſtations of his own affection and regard. "Away! ſaid ſhe, and let me hear no more! Or, if thou wouldſt ſhow thy friendſhip, carry me to that father from whom thou ſtoleſt me.—You will not—but if I can live ſo long, I will crawl to his feet, and expire before him."

She was running towards the door; Camplin gently ſtopt her. "My deareſt Miſs Anneſly, ſaid he, recollect yourſelf but a moment; let me conjure you to think of your own welfare, and of that father's whom you ſo juſtly love. For theſe alone could ſir Thomas Sindall have thought of the expedient which he propoſes. If you will now become the wife of your adoring Camplin, the time of the celebration of our marriage need not be told to the world: under the ſanction of that holy tie, every circumſtance of detraction will be overlooked, and that life may be made long and happy, which your unthinking raſhneſs would cut off from yourſelf and your father."—Harriet had liſtened little to this ſpeech; but the ſwelling of her anger had ſubſided; ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, and burſt again into tears. Camplin drew nearer, and preſſed her hand in his; ſhe drew it haſtily from him: "If you have any pity, ſhe cried, I entreat you for heaven's ſake to leave me." He bowed reſpectfully and retired, deſiring the landlady to attend Miſs Anneſly, and endeavour to afford her ſome aſſiſtance and conſolation.

She had, indeed, more occaſion for her aſſiſtance than he was then aware of; the violent agitation of her ſpirits having had ſuch an effect on her, that, though ſhe wanted a month of her time, ſhe was ſuddenly ſeized with the pains of child-birth; and they were but juſt able to procure a woman who acted as a midwife in the neighbourhood, when ſhe was delivered of a girl. Diſtracted as her ſoul was, this new object drew forth its inſtinctive tenderneſs; ſhe mingled tears with her kiſſes on its cheeks, and forgot the ſhame attending its birth, in the natural meltings of a mother.

For about a week after her delivery ſhe recovered tolerably well, and indeed thoſe about her ſpared no pains or attention to contribute towards her recovery; but, at the end of that period, an accident threw her into the moſt dangerous ſituation. She was lying in a ſlumber, with a nurſe watching her, when a ſervant of ſir Thomas Sindall's, whom his maſter had employed very actively in the progreſs of his deſigns on Miſs Anneſly, entered the room with a look of the utmoſt conſternation and horror; the nurſe beckoned to him to make no noiſe, ſignifying, by her geſtures, that the lady was aſleep; but the opening of the door had already awakened her, and ſhe lay liſtening, when he told the cauſe of his emotion. It was the intelligence which he had juſt accidentally received of Mr. Anneſly's death. The effect of this ſhock on his unfortunate daughter may be eaſily imagined; every fatal ſymptom, which ſudden terror or ſurpriſe cauſes in women at ſuch a ſeaſon of weakneſs, was the conſequence, and next morning a delirium ſucceeded them.

She was not, however, without intervals of reaſon; though theſe were but intervals of anguiſh much more exquiſite. Yet ſhe would ſometimes expreſs a ſort of calmneſs and ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven, though it was always attended with the hopes of a ſpeedy relief from the calamities of her exiſtence.

In one of theſe hours of recollection, ſhe was aſked by her attendants, whoſe pity was now moved at her condition, if ſhe choſe to have any friend ſent for, who might tend to alleviate her diſtreſs; upon which ſhe had command enough of herſelf, to dictate a letter to Mrs. Wiſtanly, reciting briefly the miſeries ſhe had endured, and aſking, with great diffidence however of obtaining it, if ſhe could pardon her offences ſo far, as to come and receive the parting breath of her once innocent and much loved Harriet. This letter was accordingly diſpatched; and ſhe ſeemed to feel a relief from having accompliſhed it: but her reaſon had held out beyond its uſual limit of exertion; and immediately after, ſhe relapſed into her former unconnectedneſs.

Soon after the birth of her daughter, Camplin, according to his inſtructions, had propoſed ſending it away, under the charge of a nurſe whom the landlady had procured, to a ſmall hamlet, where ſhe reſided, at a little diſtance. But this the mother oppoſed with ſuch earneſtneſs, that the purpoſe had been delayed till now, when it was given up to the care of this woman, accompanied with a conſiderable ſum of money to provide every neceſſary for its uſe, in the moſt ample and ſumptuous manner.

When Mrs. Wiſtanly received the letter we have mentioned above, ſhe was not long in doubt as to complying with its requeſt. Her heart bled for the diſtreſſes of that once amiable friend, whom virtue might now blame, but goodneſs could not forſake. She ſet out therefore immediately in a chaiſe, which Camplin had provided for her, and reached the houſe, to which it conveyed her on the morning of the following day, her impatience not ſuffering her to conſider either the danger or inconvenience of travelling all night.—From her recital, I took down the account contained in the following chapter.

C H A P. XXX.

Mrs. Wiſlanly's recital. Concluſion of the firſt volume.

"WHEN I entered the houſe, and had got upon the ſtairs leading to the room in which Harriet lay, I heard a voice enchantingly ſweet, but low, and ſometimes broken, ſinging ſnatches of ſongs, varying from the ſad to the gay, and from the gay to the ſad: it was ſhe herſelf ſitting up in her bed, fingering her pillow as if it had been a harpſicord. It is not eaſy to conceive the horror I felt on ſeeing her in ſuch a ſituation! She ſeemed unconſcious of my approach, though her eye was turned towards me as I entered; only that ſhe ſtopt in the midſt of a quick and lively movement ſhe had begun, and looking wiſtfully upon me, breathed ſuch a note of ſorrow, and dwelt on it with a cadence ſo mournful, that my heart loſt all the firmneſs I had reſolved to preſerve, and I flung my arms round her neck, which I waſhed with my burſting tears!—The traces which her brain could now only recollect, were ſuch as did not admit of any object long; I had paſſed over it in the moment of my entrance, and it now wandered from the idea; ſhe paid no regard to my careſſes, but puſhed me gently from her, gazing ſtedfaſtly in an oppoſite direction towards the door of the apartment. A ſervant entered with ſome medicine he had been ſent to procure; ſhe put it by when I offered it to her, and kept looking earneſtly upon him; ſhe ceaſed her ſinging too, and ſeemed to articulate ſome imperfect ſounds. For ſome time I could not make them out into words, but at laſt ſhe ſpoke more diſtinctly, and with a firmer tone.——

"You ſaved my life once, ſir, and I
"could then thank you, becauſe I wiſhed
"to preſerve it;—but now—no matter,
"he is happier than I would have him.
"—I would have nurſed the poor old
"man till he had ſeen ſome better days!
"bleſs his white beard!—look there! I
"have heard how they grow in the
"grave!—poor old man!"——

You weep, my dear ſir; but had you heard her ſpeak theſe words! I can but coldly repeat them.

All that day ſhe continued in a ſtate of delirium and inſenſibility to every object around her; towards evening ſhe ſeemed exhauſted with fatigue, and the toſſing of her hands which her frenzy had cauſed, grew languid as of one breathleſs and worn out; about midnight ſhe dropt aſleep.

I ſat with her during the night, and when ſhe waked in the morning, ſhe gave ſigns of having recovered her ſenſes by recollecting me, and calling me by my name. At firſt indeed her queſtions were irregular and wild; but in a ſhort time ſhe grew ſo diſtinct, as to thank me for having complied with the requeſt of her letter; "'tis an office of unmerited kind-"neſs, which, ſaid ſhe, (and I could obſerve "her let fall a tear) will be the laſt your "unwearied friendſhip for me will have "to beſtow." I anſwered, that I hoped not. "Ah! Mrs. Wiſtanly, ſhe replied, "can you hope ſo? you are not my "friend, if you do." I wiſhed to avoid a ſubject which her mind was little able to bear, and therefore made no other return than by kiſſing her hand, which ſhe had ſtretched out to me as ſhe ſpoke.

At that moment we heard ſome unuſual ſtir below ſtairs, and, as the floor was thin and ill laid, the word *child* was very diſtinctly audible from every tongue. Upon this ſhe ſtarted up in her bed, and with a look piteous and wild beyond deſcription, exclaimed, "Oh! my God! "what of my child?"—She had ſcarcely uttered the words, when the landlady entered the room, and ſhowed ſufficiently by her countenance that ſhe had ſome dreadful tale to tell. By ſigns I begged ſilence.—"What is become of my in-

" ſant?" cried Harriet.—" No ill, ma-" dam, (anſwered the woman, faltering) " is come to it, I hope."—" Speak, " ſaid ſhe, I charge you, for I will know " the worſt: ſpeak, as you would give " peace to my departing ſoul!" ſpringing out of bed, and graſping the woman's hands with all her force.——It was not eaſy to reſiſt ſo ſolemn a charge.—" Alas! ſaid the landlady, I fear ſhe is " drowned; for the nurſe's cloak and the " child's wrapper have been found in " ſome ooze which the river had carried " down below the ford."——She let go the woman's hands, and wringing her own together, threw up her eyes to heaven till their ſight was loſt in the ſockets.—We were ſupporting her, each of us holding one of her arms.—She fell on her knees between us, and dropping her hands for a moment, then raiſing them again, uttered with a voice that ſounded hollow as if ſunk within her:

"Power omnipotent! who wilt not "lay on thy creatures calamity beyond "their ſtrength to bear! if thou haſt not "yet puniſhed me enough, continue to "pour out the phials of thy wrath upon "me, and enable me to ſupport what "thou inflicteſt! But if my faults are "expiated, ſuffer me to reſt in peace, "and graciouſly blot out the offences "which thy judgments have puniſhed "here!"——She continued in the ſame poſture for a few moments; then leaning on us as if ſhe meant to riſe, bent her head forward, and drawing her breath ſtrongly, expired in our arms."

Such was the concluſion of Mrs. Wiſtanly's tale of woe!

Spirits of gentleneſs and peace! who look, with ſuch pity as angels feel, on the diſtreſſes of mortality! often have ye ſeen me labouring under the afflictions which providence had laid upon me.— Ye have ſeen me in a ſtrange land, without friend, and without comforter, poor, ſick and naked; ye have ſeen me ſhivering over the laſt faggot which my laſt farthing had purchaſed, moiſtening the cruſt that ſupported nature with the tears which her miſeries ſhed on it! yet have ye ſeen me look inward with a ſmile, and overcome them.—If ſuch ſhall ever be my lot again, ſo let me alleviate its ſorrows; let me creep to my bed of ſtraw in peace, after bleſſing God that I am not a Man of the World.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

ERRATA in this Volume.

Page 7, line 3, for *have*, read *hat.*
P. 122, l. 4, for *there*, read *then.*
P. 181, l. 11, for *nay*, read *but.*
P. 193, l. 19, for *tears*, read *fears.*
P. 235, l. 19, for *taken*, read *taking.*
P. 253, l. 15, for *dragged*, read *trained.*
P. 277, l. 17, for *reſpect*, read *aſpect.*

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